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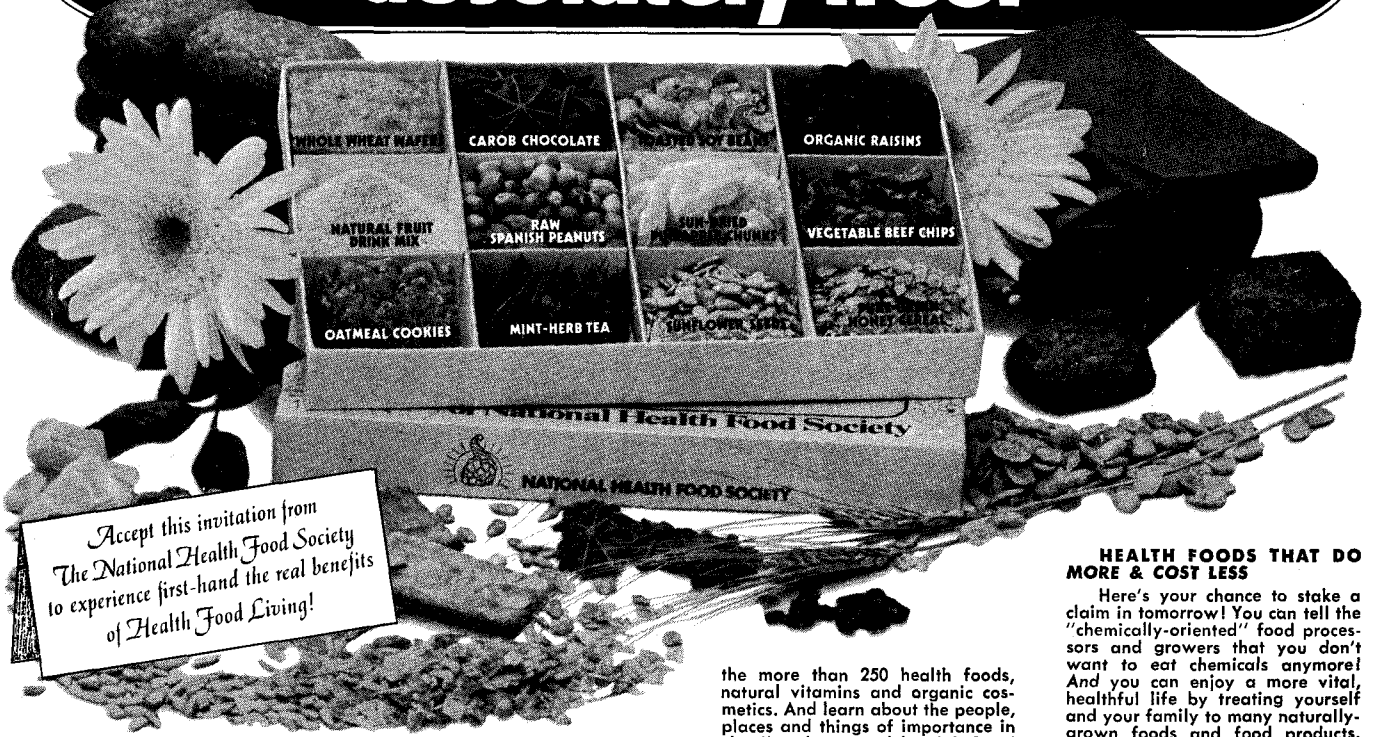
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(3) *How can I be sure that the health foods you offer are really organically-grown and naturally processed?*

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(5) *If they're harder to grow and less available than "regular" foods, how can you provide them at a savings?*

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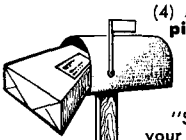

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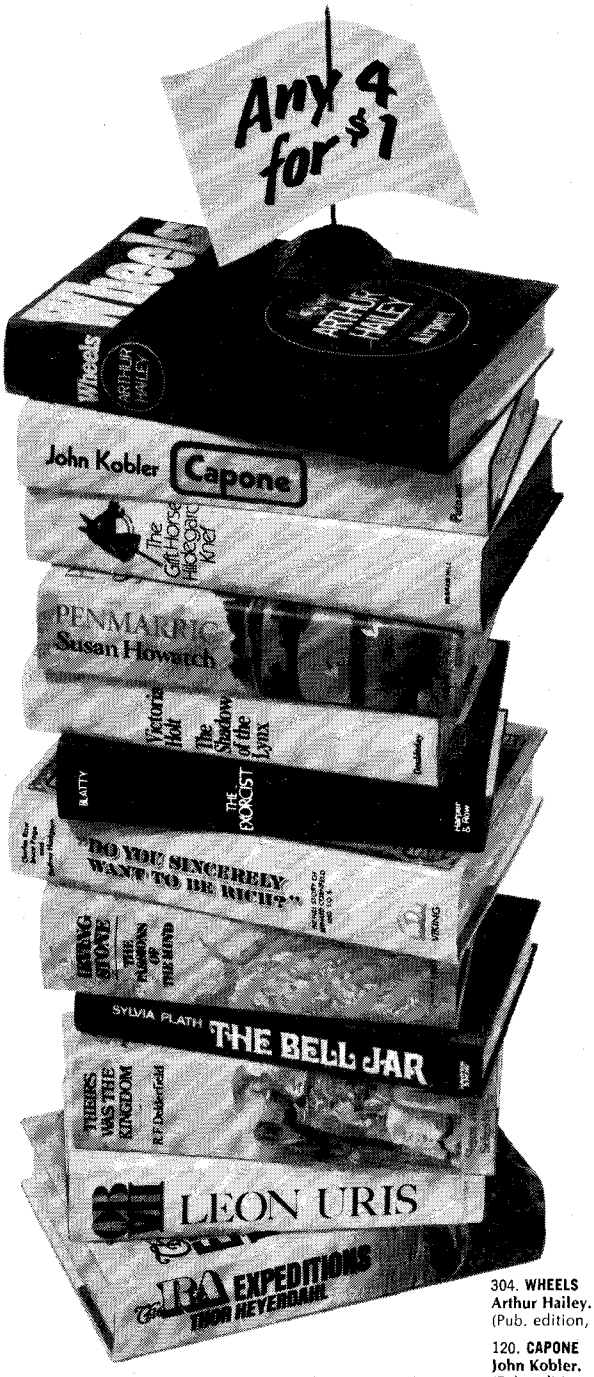

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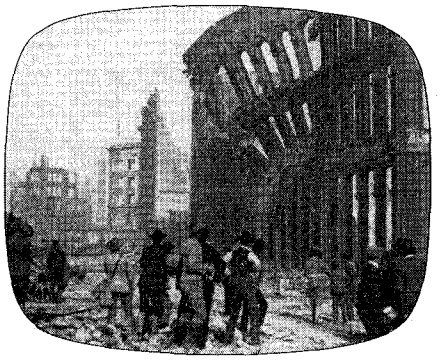

The Violent Earth

Take a Giant Step

Monkeys, Apes and Man

Which one is the children's program?

They all are.

The point, of course, is that television programming doesn't have to be labelled "For Children Only" to be of value to young viewers.

In the season ahead, many programs will attract and stimulate the whole family. Some to be seen shortly are listed on this page.

In those hours which, traditionally, are for children—Saturday and Sunday mornings—there are many new programs rich in information and entertainment. Some of these new weekly series are listed immediately below.

NEW WEEKEND CHILDREN'S SHOWS

Curiosity Shop. Each program is built on a theme and explores related ideas, using real children, puppets, animation. Saturdays, 10:30-11:30 am.

Take a Giant Step. Youngsters 13-15 years old produce this entertainment/information "magazine." Saturdays, 10:30-11:30 am.

Mr. Wizard. Don Herbert and two young guests study nature and science. Saturdays, 12-12:30 pm.

You Are There. Dramatic re-creations of significant events in world history, as though young viewers were electronic eyewitnesses. Saturdays, 12:30-1 pm.

Children's Film Festival. Outstanding foreign movies for children. Saturdays, 1-2 pm.

Make a Wish. Using animation, film, live-action and folksong, each telecast explores the associations around two central ideas. Sundays, 11:30 am-12 Noon.

Directions. Gospel of Godspell; Heritage of Islam—Part 1; Parochial Schools; Changing Images of Christ; Christian Science; Women in the Church. Sundays, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (1-1:30 pm).

Monkeys, Apes and Man. National Geographic Society explores natural habitats of primates. Tuesday, Oct. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Timex Presents the Circus. Star performers of The Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus. Tuesday, Oct. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Picasso Is 90. CBS Reports will include an hour reviewing the artist's accomplishments. Thursday, Oct. 21 (9-11 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. "Peanuts" kids celebrate Halloween. Saturday, Oct. 23 (8-8:30 pm).

Snoopy at the Ice Follies. Charles Schulz hosts ice extravaganza. Sunday, Oct. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Walt Disney World Special. Opening of Walt Disney World in Florida. Friday, Oct. 29 (8-9:30 pm).

Aesop's Fables. Animated version with Bill Cosby as Aesop. Sunday, Oct. 31 (7:30-8 pm).

Robin Hood. The Sherwood Forest story in animation. Sunday, Nov. 14 (5-6 pm).

The Longest Day. Story of D-Day. Starring John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, Richard Burton, Henry Fonda, Rod Steiger, Curt Jurgens. Sunday, Nov. 14 (8 pm-conclusion).

The Snow Goose. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Friendship develops between artist and young girl as they care for injured bird. Monday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

Dames at Sea. Musical spoofing '30's musicals. Starring Ann-Margret, Anne Meara, Ann Miller, others. Monday, Nov. 15 (9-10 pm).

The Last Days of John Dillinger. Appointment With Destiny—Documentary on "Public Enemy No. 1." Friday, Nov. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm).

South Pacific. Film version of Rodgers & Hammerstein musical. Wednesday, Nov. 24 (8-11:30 pm).

Cricket on the Hearth. Dickens' Christmas classic, animated. Thursday, Nov. 25 (3-4 pm).

Mouse on the Mayflower. A mouse joins Pilgrim Fathers sailing to America. Thursday, Nov. 25 (4-5 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Animated adaptation of A. A. Milne story. Friday, Nov. 26 (8-8:30 pm).

Plimpton! Great Quarterback Sneak. George Plimpton plays for Baltimore Colts. Friday, Nov. 26 (9-10 pm).

The Violent Earth. Documentary on earthquakes and volcanoes. Friday, Nov. 26 (10-11 pm).

Treasure Island. Animated version of Stevenson tale. Sunday, Nov. 28 (5-6 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week)

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month)

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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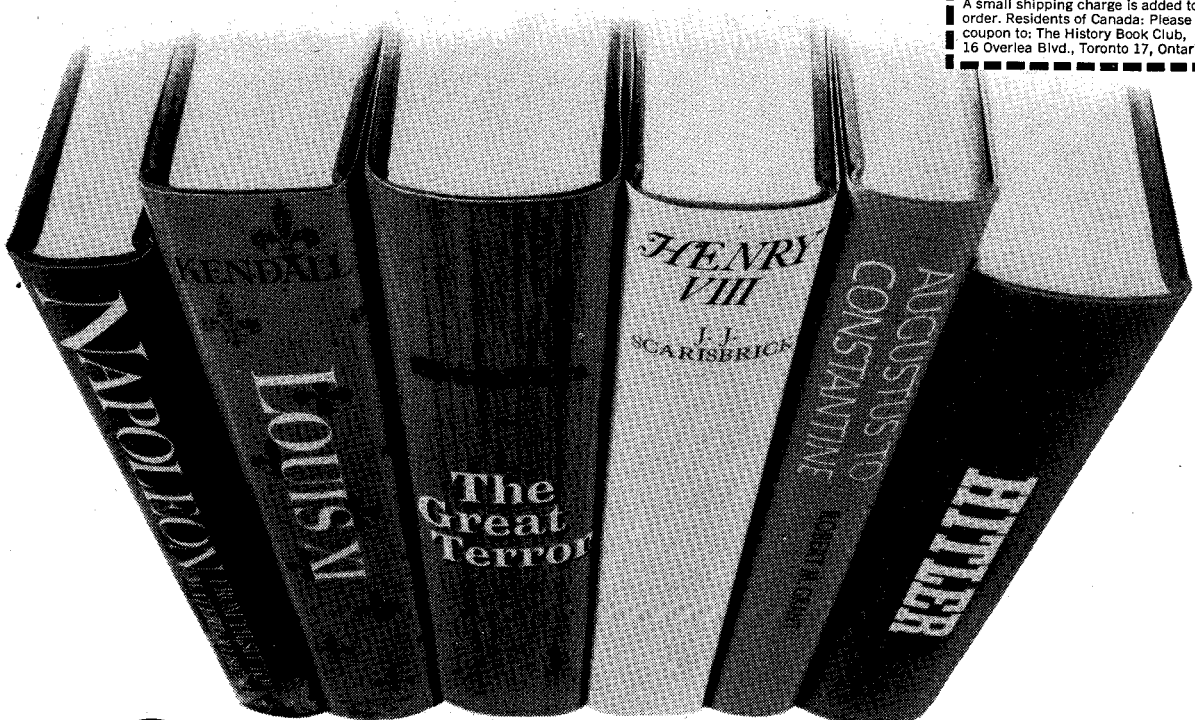

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We can imagine an uptight President in Alaska, putting his hand out with a forced grin and saying, "Well, well, Wally. Long time no see!" And Wally Hickel, the man he fired from Interior along with six top aides, responding cheerfully, "Welcome to Anchorage! Have you had a chance to read my book, *Who Owns America?*"

"No, I haven't, Wally," (the script goes on) "I've been terribly busy on that wage-price thing. And brushing up on my Chinese."

"Keeps you busy, don't it? But I do hope you'll dip into the book sometime. By the way, I mention you in a couple of places. I just gave a copy to Emperor Hirohito."

"No hard feelings, I hope, Wally?"

"Oh, dear, no! Not after that Cabinet introduction you gave me on TV to the nation in December '68: 'He is going to bring a new sense of excitement, a new sense of creativity, to that Department.' Ermalee loved it."

"You sure brought excitement, Wally!"

"That was when you said you didn't want a Cabinet of 'yes-men.' Remember? You have to go now? Well, it's certainly easier to see you up here in Alaska, Mr. President, than across the block back in Washington."

Yes, that's the scene we conjure up as we read the Hickel book ($6.95; Prentice-Hall). Oddly enough it makes us recall another Cabinet member, Elliot Richardson of HEW, the handsome Boston blue-blood. Richardson, you remember, made the mistake of thinking the President would buy that unanimous decision of the Supreme Court on school busing. What a goof that was! But Richardson is a shrewder man than Hickel; he didn't let a thing like that get him fired. He just ate a little crow, accepted a ritual abasement from young Ron Ziegler, the White House press secretary, and submitted to a press conference.

We went to that conference. You have to see one of those things to understand the degree of cynicism and ridicule that the working press sometimes put into their questions. "Sir," one of them wound up, "weren't you at least a little bit dismayed and a little bit taken aback – just *slightly* – by the President's August 3 statement (repudiating Richardson's busing order.

Richardson, scion of Yankee abolitionists, didn't make a direct answer.

Now Hickel is a different type! No subtlety. He's just a self-made businessman, a Babbitt. Believes in "positive thinking." Big, brash, bumptious, bouncy; as a boy on a tenant farm in Kansas he watched farms blow away, never thought of going to college, set out to see the world, wept when he saw the Rockies, picked up an occasional 20 bucks in welterweight fights, made his way up to Alaska (too expensive to go to Australia), went back later to the States with $1000 borrowed from Ermalee to buy a surplus Army plane and then, with a pal, flew north, to the awe and admiration of every Army post he careened over. "Son! Let me see that plane!" said one incredulous three-star general. He wound up in Alaska finally, five times a millionaire, building houses and motels. So then he helped make it a state, got to be governor and, at 49, was tapped for the Nixon cabinet as a hard-nosed businessman, loathed by liberal reporters, a man who would get along fine, it was thought, with the oil contributors. He kept the Nixon Inaugural in his desk drawer – the one about lowering our voices and bringing us all together.

He interpreted his job as cracking down on oil polluters and protecting the environment. Odd things began to happen. The White House told him to fire the hardworking, holdover director of the Bureau of Mines (it would mean "two more votes" for the administration's ABM). He did it but it bothered him. "How in hell does this help the *miners*?" he asked himself.

He thought Vietnam was phasing out. Then one night the President called in the Cabinet and just before his TV speech to the nation, told them he was going into Cambodia. "I listened with horror. . . .When I walked out of the room I was screaming inside."

The poor guy, you see, had a conscience. Fancy. Also he thought it was poor politics. He couldn't get to see the President in this, the most isolated of all administrations. Half a million war protestors gathered in Washington and the President watched a TV football game; for the next one the President left town. "It was unbelievable to me," said this simple soul.

Then there was Spiro, always Spiro, always making speeches. For Spiro the defeat of New York's liberal Republican senator Goodell made the evening in spite of other GOP defeats; the VP strode over to the TV and said, "We got that son of a bitch!"

The Secretary finally talked it over with Ermalee. "Wally," she said, "you didn't come to Washington to play it safe." (That's the kind of wife who gets a man into trouble!) He passed a sleepless night or two, reread the Inaugural in his desk. Then he wrote one of the most famous political letters in history, a private letter, he insists, directed to his boss, trying to explain about youth. At the end he added that it would be a nice thing if Mr. Nixon saw cabinet members occasionally, "on an individual and conversational basis." Photostats were given to his staff for their comments. The letter got into print before it got to the White House. When he got home he said, "Ermalee, I have a feeling of relief."

Wally Hickel never ate crow – that's for sophisticated Boston Brahmins like Secretary Richardson. He writes in a cheery, low-keyed tone about it all, preaching "positive thinking." It is fun to read how the White House gets rid of a cabinet member who won't quit. He found out about the spite and paltriness of this administration, one of the pettiest in this century. When the time came for the White House briefing on the cancellation of the oil and gas leases in the Santa Barbara channel, which he considered one of his crowning achievements, he was told not to come. He was cordially disinvited to a White House prayer breakfast to which he had hoped to take his son, who had flown back from college for Mother's Day. He stayed for the 1970 election (by then he had a following with young people, conservationists, liberals, blacks and types of that sort). Then the President let him go. That evening, with the news on radio, neighbors gathered at the door and sang, "For he's a jolly, good fellow." In the flyleaf of the book he gave to Mr. Nixon he wrote "Kind regards; no regrets." There's a man who doesn't whine, doesn't repine, doesn't grovel. Ermalee, too.

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Barriers To Trade

The rendezvous in Alaska with the Emperor of Japan, for which the President is about to depart as we write, can be nothing more than a platitudinous, protocol-laden ceremonial, an application of the lightest of balms on very sore wounds. For when the administration untied the bonds between the dollar and gold and imposed a 10 percent surtax on imports, it especially had in mind soaring Japanese exports of everything from sewing machines and shoes to autos and color TV sets. A growing band of protectionists in and out of Washington was pleased; the Japanese were bitter. Originally, the surtax was tacked onto the new economic policy as an added persuader for monetary reform – again with Japan particularly in view. But the administration has since said that the tax will stay not only until Japan and other countries up the value of their currencies but until they remove barriers which block our exports. What was supposed to be temporary begins to look like anything but. Yet the impression left by Nixon, Connally & Co. is that Uncle Sam remains the great Free Trader, while other countries have been stubbornly sticking to high tariffs and a host of indirect restrictions.

On the contrary, the President's Commission on International Trade and Investment Policy, which recently sent its report to the White House, finds that in recent years the US has raised trade barriers quite a bit, at least compared to the Europeans – on top of which have now been added the 10 percent surtax and the "Buy America" feature of Mr. Nixon's proposed investment credit, under which an American firm would get a 10 percent tax break (for a year, then five percent) for equipment bought in the United States but not abroad. Furthermore, not satisfied with the volunteer quota system engineered by Rep. Wilbur Mills, the White House – so it was reported last week – has informed Japan, Taiwan, Hongkong and South Korea that unless they cut their shipments of man-made textiles (synthetics) to the US by October 1, they will face stiff new border patrols here.

The contention that the US has far lower tariff barriers than other countries and far fewer quotas on imports is also refuted by an unpublished State Department study, which shows that when the Kennedy Round of tariff reductions is completed (presumably this year), average tariff rates on industrial items will be within narrow

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limits – 8.3 percent for the US, 8.4 percent for the European Common Market, 10.2 percent for Britain, 10.9 percent for Japan and 11 percent for Canada. The US, the study notes, had import quotas on seven industrial items in 1963; by 1970 it had 69. During those seven years, Common Market quotas declined from 76 to 65 and Japanese from 132 to 81. US quotas cover $5.1 billion worth of imports a year, or 16.5 percent of the major industrial products involved in world trade. The figures for Japan are $1.4 billion and for the Common Market $900 million.

The new protectionism in Washington does not take sufficiently into account that the country's deteriorating trade balance is due not so much to foreign barriers against US goods as to a Vietnam-triggered inflation at home, an inflation which has caused sharp increases in domestic prices, thus making cheaper foreign products more attractive and US goods more unattractive abroad. Indeed, there is a growing school of thought which contends that by its very nature the American economy can no longer expect to achieve hefty surpluses of exports over imports, for we are producing fewer and fewer goods and more and more services, ranging from government to medical care and from education to insurance. It's hard to sell American services to others, and our production of such exportable items as machinery and ships is declining. Today, almost 50 million persons work in the services and 30 million in goods-producing industries like mining, manufacture and agriculture. Manufacturing employment grew only 30 percent from 1949-69, less than the growth of the overall labor force, and Lawrence B. Krause, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, says that, "The overwhelming majority of US economic activity by 1980 will be even less closely related to the export of goods than it is today, with the relative level already low."

Several things need doing: The President and Mr. Connally should set out the specific terms for removing the import surtax, and limit those terms to monetary affairs, not tariff matters. Firms and workers badly hurt by imports should be given adequate relief; "more generous benefits are needed," the Commission on International Trade says, "and much greater emphasis must be placed on measures to facilitate the retraining, upgrading and relocation of workers." The 10 percent surtax and the investment credit's Buy America feature may seem like good politics at the moment, but their retention invites a war among trading partners, and that's poor politics, for it portends fewer jobs, here and abroad.

COMING: Donald Meyer on Joseph P. Lash's study of Eleanor Roosevelt

Vacancies on the Court

The retirement of Justice Hugo L. Black after 34 years of service brings to a close one of the great careers in the history of the Supreme Court. Not a dozen men of the nearly one hundred who have held the office have left it with as much assurance of being permanently remembered. Hugo Black is a lineal descendant of John Marshall and Andrew Jackson. Not, obviously, along a line of specific policy objectives, any more than along the blood-line, but in cast and force of mind and personality. He has Marshall's fundamentalism, directness and power as a judge, and he is as lacking in doubt or self-consciousness. And he has in substantial measure what Richard Hofstadter diagnosed in Andrew Jackson as "self-assertive subjectivism." "I have an opinion of my own on all subjects," Hofstadter quotes Jackson as writing to someone in 1821, "and when that opinion is formed I persue it *publickly*, regardless of who goes with me." Hugo Black could have said as much, and pretty well did.

Mr. Justice Black is a man of fiercely-held principles, though that is not what he talked about in his opinions for the most part. He talked about the Constitution – its text and its history – for he was persuaded that the principles it embodied coincided happily with his own. He believed that an uncompromising individualism – the individualism of a John Lilburn, whom he often invoked, and of the Scotch-Irish pioneers from whom he himself sprang – was enshrined in the Constitution. There was no conflict between this individualism and the populist tradition, to which Mr. Justice Black, as also Senator Black of Alabama, was equally attached. Hugo Black has believed in law, pervasive, positive, virtually all-encompassing law, which secured the rights of man, but also enclosed and regulated his life. He found relatively little content in the Fourth Amendment, which forbids unreasonable searches and seizures; he could locate no right of privacy in the Constitution at all, and he could not accommodate himself to extra-legal political and social action. His vision was of a legalitarian society, and he was a judicial activist, quick to regulate what seemed disordered and unruly. He was, indeed, an imperialist of law. The tension between the principles of individualism and legalitarianism was resolved by the force of his will.

Mr. Justice Black was a Southerner, and the President, not unnaturally, is looking for a Southerner to replace him. Early speculation centers on Rep. Richard Poff, a Virginia Republican, a young man as congressmen go, but a 10-term veteran in the House and a leading member of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Poff has been a conservative on most issues, including civil rights. But he is able and thoughtful, and there are indications of depths. Like almost all Southerners then in Congress, he signed the Southern Manifesto of 1956, proclaiming regional resistance to school

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desegregation. But he has since repudiated that position in a fashion that few white Southern politicians have emulated. He said in the course of an interview last June with the Washington correspondent of the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*: "I can only say now that segregation is wrong today, it was wrong yesterday, segregation was never right. But it is one of the most lamentable frailties of mankind that when one's wrong is most grievous, his self-justification is most passionate, perhaps in the pitiful hope that the fervor of his self-defense will somehow prove him right. But this doesn't make it so, and he doesn't fool himself."

Again, last July, when the House was considering a motion to cite Frank Stanton, president of CBS, for contempt of Congress because he refused to hand over tapes of the program "The Selling of the Pentagon" (the motion failed by a narrow margin), Mr. Poff said, "Mr. Speaker, I will vote No. The question is close, the answer is in doubt. So it must always be whenever two great constitutional privileges collide. One must prevail. One must yield. That the collision can exist is proof that neither privilege is an absolute license. The collision here is between the privilege of the press to edit for journalistic purposes and the privilege of the Congress to investigate for legislative purposes. The collision is between the government and the governed. The collision is between press freedom and press restraint. . . . I will resolve the doubts in favor of the press. I will prefer the governed. I will choose freedom."

Seven days after Justice Black's retirement came the retirement of Justice John Marshall Harlan. He served for 16 years and has generally, but too facilely been described as a conservative. So he was in some respects, but he was the author also of some notably—if not resoundingly – libertarian First Amendment opinions. He is more truly characterized as a scholar and an exemplar of rectitude.

School Taxes

Educators faced with rocketing costs, and hard-pressed homeowners saddled by astronomical taxes, must have breathed a sigh of relief late last month on reading that financing of California's schools will henceforth have to be done on a statewide basis, rather than through local property taxes. In what many see as a landmark decision rivaled only by the US Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation case, the California Supreme Court denounced the present system of financing as one which "invidiously discriminates against the poor because it makes the quality of a child's education a function of the wealth of his parents and neighbors." Relying heavily on the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, the court agreed with the plaintiffs – school children and parents from Los Angeles County – that the predominately lower-middle-class children of Baldwin Park should not be penalized because their community has a much smaller tax base than super-affluent Beverly Hills. The court found it particularly reprehensible that Beverly Hills is able to spend more than twice as much per pupil as Baldwin Park, even though its tax rate is about half that of its relatively poor neighbor. The majority (6-1) said, "Thus, the affluent districts can have their cake and eat it, too. They can provide a high quality education for their children while paying lower taxes. Poor districts, by contrast, have no cake at all." The California decision is a long way from becoming national policy, however, and if the interminable delay of desegregation is any barometer, the winds of change will not quickly gather hurricane force.

First, the California Supreme Court did not rule on the merits of the case, but sent it back to a lower court which had previously denied the plaintiffs standing. Though the higher court's ruling was so worded that an outcome favorable to the plaintiffs is expected, the decision may never be appealed to the US Supreme Court, in which case it will only be applicable to California. And if it does reach the Burger court, the plaintiffs' case may not be greeted as sympathetically. Federal courts have ruled against similar cases recently.

Even if the ruling came through unscathed, state legislatures would have to come up with remedies. Here, one can only project experiences similar to those which followed the "one man, one vote" ruling: federal courts rejecting financing schemes with the same vigor with which they have thrown out redistricting plans. With the new political clout redistricting has given them, is it reasonable to expect the suburbs to relinquish their stranglehold on educational finances to the cities and rural areas? Already one rich Maryland suburb has said it will fight the state if a proposed suit by the City of Baltimore is filed.

Though we can only speculate, will the courts and the legislatures approve only "one child, one dollar" schemes? This would be unfair to those school districts, particularly in the cities, that have higher costs. Nor would it be fair to school districts, whether in the cities or the backwoods, that have a preponderance of "culturally deprived" students – meaning kids who are not white, suburban, and affluent. What would happen if a community agreed to tax itself more in order to spend more per pupil? Would that system still favor the rich? As we are learning from the busing controversy, the courts may rule against tradition, but tradition has a way of fighting back.

All this caution is not to degrade the importance of the California ruling. Days after it was announced, similar tests were proposed in Maryland and New York. If these and other cases are decided favorably, it may signal the decline of the property tax, as regressive a revenue producer as was ever devised. It would

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also help end the questionable practice of "fiscal zoning," whereby local communities compete for commercial and industrial development that pay high taxes, while shunning apartments that bring in "costly" school children. It might even help balance the urban-suburban-rural fiscal picture. Most cities, because they must supply so many other metropolitan services, are able to use only about one-third of their revenues for school purposes. Suburbs, with practically no "outside" commitments, are able to devote about two-thirds of their funds to schools. And rural areas, for the most part are the poorest.

In the end, the California ruling will probably not lead to "equal education." As the *Christian Science Monitor* noted editorially, Professor James Coleman's famous studies of equal educational opportunity reveal that the only salient factors are the socioeconomic background of the children and racial integration of the schools, neither of which is the target of the California case. But the *Monitor* sees hope in what might follow, when "as the lures of financial and racial exclusivity of suburban white districts would diminish, Americans would have less choice but to strive to make all schools . . . equal and open in the largest possible sense." Based on our experience with busing, we aren't as sanguine as the *Monitor* on this issue. But there can be little doubt that this recent court case has the potential of opening doors in both courts and schools.

Advertising the Army

Secretary of the Army Robert Froehlke asked the television and radio networks on September 1 to supply free prime-time for a new Army recruiting campaign. He wasn't thinking of "just doubling the weight of public-service advertising" but wanted a "five to tenfold increase." Froehlke explained in a letter that early this spring the Army decided it wasn't getting the right kind of air time for its free recruiting ads, and so was not attracting the right kind of recruit.

As an experiment this March, the Army launched a 13-week recruiting effort, orchestrated by N. W. Ayer Inc. at a cost of $10.6 million. The biggest fee went for prime-time TV ads, one minute of which can cost between $45,000 and $65,000. "The response from the target audience was remarkable," said Mr. Froehlke. ". . . We estimate that approximately 8000 enlistments can be attributed directly to the special advertising campaign . . . ." It cost $1350 per recruit. The experiment is over, and the men who control Pentagon finances are opposed to spending any more on TV ads. So Mr. Froehlke is begging for free prime-time. The tone of his letter was mildly intimidating: "Many . . . believe that radio and television stations which are licensed by the United States government should provide effective public-service time to support essential national programs."

As of last week, NBC was the only national network which answered the request. NBC president Julian Goodman treated the letter as a misdirected inquiry and referred the Army to the Advertising Council, an independent group which considers and approves public-service advertisements. The Council has never approved recruiting messages because, as its spokesman said, "If we did that, we'd be working all the time for the military, and I think there are other more important things to do." It's NBC company policy only to air the ads approved by the Council; hundreds of others are turned away. And the spokesman for the Council said he was "99 percent sure" that any request for recruiting ads would be rejected.

The Army request raises another troublesome question for broadcasters: the FCC's "fairness doctrine" requires broadcasters to give fair treatment to both sides of "controversial issues of public importance." By giving the Army free prime-time, the networks could not escape charges of preferential treatment, and antiwar groups, which lost a case in June against local recruiting advertisements, could renew their battle.

Getting the Bugs Out

Advertising electronic bugging devices for "surreptitious interception" of wire or oral conversation is a federal crime under the 1968 Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act. But the ads continue to appear in AT&T's Yellow Pages in certain communities (including Youngstown, Ohio; Fort Lauderdale, Florida; Oakland, California and other cities in which there are detective agencies). Do you suspect adultery, or are you an employer with "industrial and commercial difficulties"? Then you may need, and buy, "sophisticated electronic audio detection surveillance," say the big, boxed ads. One can hire a detective ("FBI graduate") to do the bugging or rent the latest surveillance equipment and "be your own private investigator."

AT&T apologizes that its subsidiaries carry ads that may be illegal. "There's always somebody who doesn't get the message," says a Bell System spokesman. Since 1962 the Bell Telephone Standards for Advertising and Copy Content have prohibited any advertisements "stating or implying that wiretapping is employed." Yet the Yellow Pages Ethics Committees of 24 subsidiary operating companies let the ad copy slip into the phone book. AT&T's spokesman says the company can urge its subsidiaries to dump the listings, but "we're not in the position of ordering them. We don't have any whip over them." "However," he adds, "we do own them."

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Public Service Jobs

Analysts of the "urban crisis" have agreed since the mid-1960s on the enormous potential of local public-service jobs for allaying urban discontent. Now, over the stubborn resistance of two Presidents (a Johnsonian cold shoulder and an early Nixon veto), Congress has enacted a public-service employment program into law. But as it has emerged and is still evolving, it can only be called a perversion of the original concept, likely to cause more trouble than it dispels.

The potential of the original concept was many faceted. It would create jobs rather than competition for jobs. (The training programs upon which the Great Society placed its chips did the latter, sometimes exacerbating conflicts between minorities and working-class whites.) Moreover, it would create jobs in urban slums and ghettos where unemployment is highest and which have the longest lists of unmet service requirements, ranging from education and health to recreation. Mr. Nixon to the contrary, public service jobs are not "make-work"; the work is there, crying to be done. Finally, it would give the cities fiscal relief precisely where they need it most, in their operating budgets.

The perversion of this concept is indicated in the title of the new law: the Emergency Employment Act of 1971. Thus, it is operative only when the national unemployment rate is above 4.5 percent. Unemployment in slums and ghettos, however, is a permanent "emergency," persevering at depression rates even when the national economy is booming. The law also raises the specter of cutbacks based on national statistics, and thus of raised hopes being dashed. (There is a guarantee of no immediate cutoff if the national rate drops, but this merely amounts to a stay of vocational execution for those traditionally last hired and first fired.)

Moreover, while the Act carries a billion-dollar price tag, the best current estimate of the number of jobs to be created is 140,000, spread widely and thinly over cities, counties and states, and five million are jobless! The 140,000 figure can be only an estimate, because the Act can be used to pay salaries as high as $12,000. Thus, a state or locality can choose to create a job for one newly unemployed engineer or two or three of the "hard-core" jobless. A sign that the engineer was very much on the mind of Congress is that only five percent of the funds provided by the Act can be used for training to go along with the new jobs. Early reports from the field suggest that the program is being used to create higher-level slots, including many on police forces. A man out of work is a man out of work, and in many cities law-enforcement is high on the list of needed services. Nevertheless, the new Act emerges as yet another piece of pork that will pass over the heads of slum-ghetto residents, leaving them as hungry as before.

To the Boondocks

Construction of the Alaska oil pipeline was set back for at least two years by a federal judge's ruling on a lawsuit brought by The Wilderness Society, Friends of the Earth and the Environmental Defense Fund. The EDF also stopped three ambitious projects of the Army Corps of Engineers, the Gillham Dam in Arkansas and the Cross Florida Barge Canal (an old World War II defense scheme which never amounted to anything but a destroyer of trees and wildlife) and, just last week, the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway. A year ago, the organization came close to preventing the Navy from dumping obsolete nerve gas into the Atlantic Ocean, and that mission finally took place only after the poor planning behind it had been publicly ridiculed. Private groups, by going to court, have put some teeth into the National Environmental Policy Act. Federal judges, weighing the equities, are willing to reject the notion that "progress," as defined by the Corps of Engineers, big business and ambitious politicians, must always prevail.

Perceiving the challenge for what it is, the Justice Department has developed a a dazzling new tactic: since most environmental legal actions are filed in federal District Court for the District of Columbia (where an appeals court skilled in the intricacies of administrative law provides a back-up forum), ask for transfer of each case out to the provinces. That approach succeeded when US District Court Judge William B. Jones sent a suit, aimed at protecting the Rainbow Bridge National Monument from being flooded by the dam-produced Lake Powell, out to federal court in Utah for trial. A multi-district panel of federal judges also sent the Barge Canal case home to Florida for its final stages. Similar motions for change of venue have recently been granted in two suits involving the effort by Southwest Indians to halt strip mining, construction of electric power plants and the accompanying pollution at the Four Corners area where Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah meet. (Some dozen public utilities and coal companies each sent along their own lawyers to Washington for minor procedural hearings on those cases in an apparent effort to make the litigation look so complex that the judge would want to get rid of it.)

During a recent hearing on the Alaska pipeline, the government argued that transfer of the case to US District Court in Anchorage would provide a more "convenient forum" and serve the "interest of justice." Federal judges in Alaska, where the dockets are less crowded, would be more "familiar" than those in Washington with permafrost, seismic activity, liquifaction and the other natural and scientific issues in the case. Although the Center for Law and Social Policy in Washington had already provided free legal counsel in the case for over a year, the government offered up an affidavit from the president of the

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Alaska Bar Association, assuring the court that "competent" legal assistance could be provided there. What is more, the government argued, federal district court in Alaska was the only place where it would be "practical" for the Alaska state government to intervene.

Judge George L. Hart Jr., who originally halted construction of the pipeline and a parallel haul road last year, refused to send the case west, expressing some surprise that the Justice Department had taken so long to discover the urgent and grave need for transfer of the litigation. Although Hart indicated that he personally felt most environmental lawsuits should be tried near the site of the projects they challenge, he observed that the $1 billion pipeline, originally scheduled to run 800 miles from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez, is a "unique case." (Indeed it is, with even the Army Corps of Engineers – which can hardly be labeled a hotbed of ecologists – opposing the plans as drafted, on the grounds that oil spills and other pollution might harm the Alaskan wilderness, fish and wildlife.) With the prospect of weeks, perhaps months, of hearings to come, the pipeline case is a foreboding one to any judge; but Hart seemed persuaded that the "interest of justice" required him to retain jurisdiction.

Generally, the federal judges in distant, less heavily populated areas, where dams and canals and pipelines are built, are more likely to be responsive to claims that a particular project is needed to stimulate the area's economy regardless of ecological and other side effects. Neither corruption nor favoritism are implied. But one need only imagine how a federal judge in Tennessee might react to a new EDF lawsuit (filed in Washington), challenging completion of the Tellico Dam and Reservoir of the Tennessee Valley Authority because, among other things, it would submerge the sacred capital of the Cherokee nation and threaten wildlife.

Federal court in the District of Columbia is an ideal place to try environmental lawsuits. Apart from the fact that it *is* more convenient for expert witnesses to come to Washington than Anchorage, the 15-judge court is particularly qualified to view the issues objectively. It is well-balanced politically (the judges who stopped the pipeline and the Florida Canal, Hart and Barrington D. Parker, are Republicans, the former appointed by President Eisenhower and the latter by President Nixon), and the federal appellate court with perhaps the broadest expertise in the nation reviews district court decisions. When the Nixon administration was pushing its DC crime bill and for court reform in the nation's capital, it asked that the federal District Court in Washington be unburdened of some criminal cases so it could devote more time to just such federal cases as the environmental litigation; but maybe it has forgotton about that.

Sanford J. Ungar

MR. UNGAR *is a reporter for* The Washington Post.

The University As an Investor

A number of private colleges and universities have been examining their investment portfolios, in response to campus movements for consumer advocacy and environmental control, the recognition of the dominance of large corporations here and abroad, and the realization that the private sector in higher education is heavily involved – some say implicated – in corporate enterprise. The question these studies raise is whether investment policy should take public interest considerations into account. Is not the university supposed to be "neutral" on social and political matters? Those associated with the university can, of course, dabble in controversies but not as representatives of the institution, except in certain cases connected with legislation directly affecting the institution. The basis for this institutional neutrality, one is told, is that it is needed to preserve academic freedom, without which open examination of all views would be inhibited.

In past years, this general position has been advanced in opposition to "institutional stands" against the war policy in Vietnam. It has also been argued that while individuals, as citizens, have the right to protest policies as they see fit, institutions of higher education, which are not citizens, do not. The interesting feature of the investments case, however, is precisely that private universities, in their role as corporations holding stock, do have the right to bring shareholder pressure to bear on company policies, and to seek new investment opportunities as they deem necessary. Indeed, as an owner and investor there is no neutral role available to the private school in such matters. Consistently voting proxies with management, for example, is no more neutral or morally tenable in the context of corporate citizenry than would be their analogues in the context of national politics. On the assumption that private schools will continue to support themselves in part through investments, there is no good reason for them not to use their relations with corporate enterprise in behalf of the public interest.

How to do this is not easily answered. Hastily convened on-campus committees are usually not equipped to prepare adequate recommendations, and campus business officers are usually the last to claim expertise in public-interest aspects of investments. Besides, the final authority for decisions concerning investments is legally vested in boards of trustees or similar bodies, most of whose members are not on the campus and not about to delegate even a part of that authority.

What universities need is a standing procedure to deal with public-interest aspects of investment decisions as they arise. There will doubtless be a certain variety in these procedures, given differences in size and internal politics among schools. A Harvard study

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modestly recommends that: "a single officer of substantial standing, with a small staff, who would invite and sift suggestions from all members of the University community with respect to what might be termed the non-financial aspects of the University's role as investor, act as fact-finder (though in not too elaborate a manner) [sic], and in turn make suggestions to the Corporation. This officer would also be responsible for seeking out those investment opportunities – if they exist – that (a) are financially competitive, (b) yield extra social benefit as well, and (c) are promising enough to cover the extra cost of the effort required to find them. But the Corporation should ultimately decide all questions that affect the University's investments and its role as a stockholder."

At Oberlin a small student-faculty-trustee committee, chaired by an administrative officer, has been established to perform similar functions. The latter arrangement may be more effective in that it involves trustees in the work of the committee, and thus more directly links it to the board it advises; it empowers the committee to seek research aid and personnel, within reasonable limits of time and money; and it recognizes the educational possibilities of the effort both by engaging students and by insuring that the committee's operations will be studied in their first year with a view toward granting academic credit and generating new courses on the workings of corporate enterprise.

Whatever procedure is used the main problem is the setting of guidelines under which recommendations are prepared. Just to discover "clean" stocks is unreasonably restrictive, if not fruitless. It is more a question of how to make decisions (as in the area of voting proxies) that are representative of the institution, and are reasonable. The committee that conducted the Harvard study acknowledged that it had been "unable to develop guidelines at this stage that in our view would not result in injunctions and prohibitions too broad and sweeping on the one hand or too narrow and detailed on the other to be operable." Oberlin will rely on developing experience and judgment in particular cases to yield guidelines, rather than attempt to formulate them in advance. In the *Harvard Business Review* (March-April, 1971) Burton G. Malkiel and Richard E. Quandt of Princeton argue for certain very general "safeguards" for an investment policy "capable of responsiveness to the urgent moral issues of the day." They propose that investment decisions should be backed by a majority of those for whose benefit the institution makes investments, that they should deal with "distinctive wrongs" such as a company's racist hiring policies or a bank's lending directly to a government maintaining apartheid, that they should be taken "in the light of the institution's need for income" and with an awareness that a company that is deficient in some moral respect may be a leader in another. A seminar at Yale has produced a detailed study (nearing publication) of possible guidelines and of related legal matters. Such accounts do not recommend that universities agitate in behalf of the public interest by initiating shareholders' proposals alternative to those of management, though they allow schools to seek new investments with a social point, such as community or cooperative projects of one sort or other, or loan programs for low-cost housing.

The move toward responsible investing by universities is welcome. One can imagine its developing into coalitions of concerned institutions to bring public-interest influence to bear on corporate enterprise. But one can also see grounds for pessimism, the principal one being the extreme financial difficulty most private schools find themselves either in or anticipating. These are days of sky-high tuition, "freezes" in faculty hiring (if not cut-backs), and soaring costs for facilities, new programs, and other parts of educational reform movements that are also welcome. The natural reaction is to take "the institution's need for income" as an absolute. Of course, there are ways of responsibly managing a portfolio without decreasing income. Malkiel and Quandt point out that voting proxies is one: "in cases such as the recent attempt by Campaign GM to create a shareholders' Committee of Corporate Responsibility, it would be difficult to argue that a university or pension fund would injure itself by voting in favor of the proposals." Moreover, a large corporation's capacity for profit may depend on its willingness, perhaps at shareholders' prompting, to conduct its activities with more than self-interest in mind.

Norman S. Care

MR. CARE *is a member of the department of Philosophy at Oberlin College.*

The Nixon Watch

Reform at the FTC

One of the wonders of Nixon's Washington is the reform and performance of the Federal Trade Commission since the Republicans took charge of it in January 1970. An agency that had come to exemplify the very worst features of federal regulation – sloth, partisan and personal cronyism, excessive regard for the commercial and industrial predators that it was supposed to police in the public interest – has in less than two years been brought to new life, reorganized and restaffed with young and aggressive regulators, and set upon courses of action and policy that, if allowed to proceed to real fulfilment, could powerfully affect the nation's economic system and change it for the better.

The whole thing defies belief. In the liberal theology,

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it cannot have happened and it cannot be permitted to go on happening; it is not the kind of behavior to be expected of Richard Nixon or of any Republican President and administration. It is difficult, all but impossible, for the critic to credit Mr. Nixon with either the intention to begin so sweeping a reform or a determination to let it continue to a point, not as yet reached, of genuine and lasting effectiveness. The doubt is not confined to orthodox liberals. The September 10 *Wall Street Journal* printed a report that the FTC's reformist Republican chairman, Miles Kirkpatrick, was about to be offered an appellate judgeship. Another story had it that Kirkpatrick might be appointed ambassador to Belgium. The implication was that the President had a bellyful of FTC reform and of the complaints from businessmen and politicians that naturally resulted. A White House spokesman did little to quiet the rumors with a tepid remark that he had no reason to believe that the President was displeased with Kirkpatrick and his management of FTC. Kirkpatrick himself, disturbed by the uneasiness the reports were causing among his staff, had to dispose of them with an oral statement that he hadn't been offered and didn't expect to be offered any other job and wouldn't accept another job if it were offered. My inquiries at the White House convinced me that the rumors didn't come from the President or from any responsible member of his staff, though some of the political operators around him may have planted the reports in an effort to suggest to Mr. Nixon that he could, if he would, rid himself of an intolerable nuisance by entrusting FTC to a less active reformer and enforcer.

An understanding of the President's attitude toward FTC requires a look back to the Eisenhower years and to the tragedy that overtook Sherman Adams when he was caught at meddling with a commission inquiry into the trade practices of a New England textile manufacturer, Bernard Goldfine. President Eisenhower had to fire Adams, a trusted assistant who until then had an unblemished reputation for integrity and high ability. The episode indelibly identified the FTC to Richard Nixon, then the Vice President, as a potential source of grief and trouble for any President who let it fall into lax ways or let himself and his own staff be tarred with its sins. That memory, plus thorough familiarity with the inherent defects and vulnerabilities of all regulatory agencies in a political system, prepared President-elect Nixon to believe the devastating charges that "Nader's Raiders," seven young lawyers and law students loosed upon FTC by Ralph Nader in 1968, published in a report released just before Mr. Nixon took office in 1969. They found that Paul Rand Dixon, the commission's Democratic chairman since 1961, had turned it into "a patterned and intricate deceptive practice unto itself."

Then came a fascinating display of the Nixon technique. The new President could not bear the thought of appearing to respond directly to the criticisms of so bold and outlandish a maverick as Ralph Nader. Mr. Nixon asked the American Bar Association to conduct a fresh "study and professional appraisal of the FTC." Miles Kirkpatrick, then a distinguished Philadelphia antitrust lawyer and chairman of ABA's antitrust section, headed the commission that made the requested study. Its report, completed in September, sustained in spades the substantive Nader criticisms and refuted the suspicion that Mr. Nixon had prearranged a stacked judgment. The ABA report said that FTC should be abolished if its "several serious and pervasive deficiencies" in leadership, in staff, in policy and performance were not corrected. The first essential for needed change, the study concluded, was the appointment of "an outstanding chairman" who was endowed with "sufficient strength and independence to resist pressures from Congress, the Executive Branch, or the business community that tend to cripple effective performance by the FTC."

Mr. Nixon, amply forewarned, had chosen his "outstanding chairman" when the ABA report appeared. He was Caspar Weinberger, a San Francisco attorney who in 1969 was Governor Ronald Reagan's state finance director. Weinberger later said that the President, during a talk at the Western White House in August about FTC, told him to "go in there and clean it up and you won't have any trouble from me." Cynics doubted that Weinberger, a Reagan man, would make any trouble for the President or for the businessmen and industrialists who were subject to FTC regulation. He went to work at FTC in January 1970, began a vigorous reorganization and re-staffing of the commission, and was just beginning to apply himself to matters of policy when, after only six months in the chairmanship, he was jerked out of the job and appointed deputy director of the new Office of Management and Budget. Again the doubters had a romp: it was a typical Nixon sham, even the sham was over, and FTC was going to remain its old and discredited self. The romp ended until further notice when the President chose for his second chairman none other than Miles Kirkpatrick, the guiding mentor of the ABA study.

Chairman Kirkpatrick is a Washington oddity, a nominal Republican who has never been discernibly involved in party politics and in his 13 months at FTC has appeared to be immune to the political pressures that must and do bear upon the chairmen and members of all regulatory agencies. There is about him, at age 53, a patrician air of elegance and rectitude. Some of his colleagues and associates perceive in him a quality of naivete, a sheltering innocence that seems to the earthier types around him to provide him with a kind of inbuilt protection against pressures. A lawyer with his experience – he listed 31 corporate clients in a report to the Senate Commerce Committee – cannot be

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all that innocent, of course. But the impression exists and it lends an aura of unreality to the reformist bustle over which he presides at FTC.

The beginnings of reform are evident in, among other things, a rigorous process of staff recruitment and enforced retirements. Some 85 recruits, mostly young lawyers and a few economists, have been hired in the past year or so. Robert Pitofsky, a New York University law professor who supervised the ABA study group's staff and drafted the ABA report, heads a reorganized Bureau of Consumer Protection. Alan S. Ward, a former antitrust attorney at the Department of Justice, directs a newly invigorated Bureau of Competition. Lawrence G. Meyer, a former Justice attorney and assistant to Senator Robert Griffin of Michigan, is the chief policy planner. Michael Mann, a Boston College economist, has just taken over the recently moribund Bureau of Economics, the source of the commission's basic research. They are young (ages 30 to 42), imbued with a sense of mission, and prepared to believe until further notice that Mr. Nixon and their chairman, Kirkpatrick, are prepared to give them their heads and let them make the FTC an effective shaper and regulator of the economy.

It's perverse of me, no doubt, but the figure among this galaxy of zeal and talent who interests me the most is the FTC's executive director, Basil Mezines. He is in his early 40s, a veteran of 20 years with FTC, an unabashed careerist who speaks with engaging frankness of his readiness to serve his master of the moment and of the joy he derives from the power that his masters confer upon him. Mezines is viewed with the deepest possible suspicion by the staff attorneys and economists who hope and imagine that they are serving some higher purpose than their own advancement. Their suspicion is reflected in the 1969 Nader report and in a later Nader study, published last summer, of antitrust policy and enforcement at FTC and Justice. In this adverse and fairly prevalent view, Mezines is the man at FTC through whom the White House staff can and does convey covert directives. Who bullies and chastens staff attorneys for giving the commission's corporate victims a hard time? Mezines, of course. Who at the commission's power levels is ever ready to hear with sympathy the complaints of aggrieved respondents? Again, Mezines.

The Nixon assistants who might, if all this is so, be supposed to be in intimate touch with Mezines are Peter Flanigan, the White House man responsible for liaison with the regulatory agencies, and Fred Malek, the President's chief recruiter and placer of senior appointees. Mezines said the other day that he has never met or talked with Flanigan or Malek or anybody on their staffs. "I'd like to know some of these fellows," he said. "If they want to talk to me, I'd be delighted. If they have higher things in mind for me, I'd sure like to know it. But I never hear from them."

Mezines, who devoted 10 years to the service and cultivation of Chairman Dixon, had been put by Caspar Weinberger at the head of the Bureau of Competition when the new chairman, Kirkpatrick, chose him to be executive director. In that position he is in effect the commission's chief personnel officer, the chairman's right-hand generalist, and a contributor to basic policy. "I wanted the job," he said. "I wanted the power, I wanted to straighten this place out, and I did." The rigor he displayed in straightening it out, partly through convincing entrenched staff veterans that it was time for them to retire without fuss or trouble, seemed to the second Nader study group to deprive the discards of the due process to which they were entitled. Mezines took this and rougher criticism in good spirit, holding with some reason that the Naderites simply couldn't bring themselves to credit him with anything praiseworthy. He was grateful for the first report's acknowledgement that he was a hard worker among a bunch of drones, and he detected a note of rather grudging respect in the second Nader study. "The overall effect," he said, "is that I'm a mean son of a bitch, and I guess that's probably true."

The presence of Basil Mezines (pronounced mehzeenness) at the right hand of the FTC's gentlemanly chairman, Miles Kirkpatrick, somehow makes the FTC phenomenom more believable than it would be without him or somebody like him there. If a Mezines can thrive at the top of the reforming FTC, and have quite a lot to do with the reforms, the institution cannot be completely out of tune with the Nixon administration. Its future in its new guise may be more secure than the cynics, myself included, are as yet inclined to believe it is.

John Osborne

Cutting Off Aid To Expropriators

Ever since Peru nationalized the holdings of International Petroleum Co. (IPC) in October 1968, President Nixon has been finding ways to avoid terminating all foreign aid to Peru under an amendment sponsored by the late Senator Bourke Hickenlooper. This law, Section 620(e) of the Foreign Assistance Act, provides that whenever a country seizes ownership or control of property owned by a US citizen or business organization and "fails . . . to take appropriate steps . . . [to make] speedy compensation for such property in convertible foreign exchange, equivalent to the full value thereof . . . ," the President shall suspend all aid to that country.

While the oil company and the US government have

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demanded compensation for the seized oilfields, Peru claims their value is exceeded by back taxes owed by IPC; hence Peru owes IPC nothing.

There is at least some merit to Peru's claim. IPC is the wholly owned subsidiary of a US corporation with annual revenues nearly four times the annual gross national product of Peru. The Peruvians watched it extract and export annually millions of dollars worth of resources, nationally owned under Peruvian law, while making only a nominal contribution to Peru's development. The fact that settlement negotiations between IPC and the Peruvian government broke down despite numerous opportunities to resolve the issue, was due in large part to an appalling lack of resourcefulness on the part of US embassy officials in Lima, who did no more than parrot the IPC position.

The Hickenlooper Amendment was enacted in 1962 in reaction to Brazil's seizure of properties owned by ITT and other power companies, as well as Castro's earlier expropriations in Cuba. One of numerous statutory prohibitions on US aid to other countries, it reflected the commonplace sentiment in Congress and in the private sector that foreign governments should not be permitted to seize the property of US citizens without paying for it – and still expect to receive our assistance. In making the aid cutoff mandatory, Congress at the same time expressed its distrust of the President's ability or willingness to bargain hard with expropriators. For sound diplomatic reasons President Nixon is permitting aid to flow freely to Peru, but in doing so he is exercising an option which Congress has forbidden.

The ineffectiveness of economic sanctions is illustrated by the tuna dispute, arising from fishing by US boats within the claimed 200-mile territorial seas of Ecuador, Peru and Chile. After Ecuador seized and fined nine US vessels in early January 1971, all military sales to Ecuador were suspended for a year under the Foreign Military Sales Act. Ecuador responded by seizing another 16 boats and collecting over $1 million in fines, ordering the US Military Advisory Group out of the country and refusing to negotiate the issue until the sanction is lifted. Any embargo on Ecuadorean tuna would only injure other US businessmen, whose firms account for 88 percent of Ecuador's tuna exports. The dispute may be resolved at the International Law of the Sea Conference in 1973. Meanwhile the only effect of economic sanctions has been to worsen US-Latin American relations.

The Hickenlooper Amendment has been invoked only once, against Ceylon in 1963 in a dispute which was thereafter settled, probably no thanks to the amendment. Yet its very existence is poisoning relations with the developing countries, where the tide of nationalism is compelling governments to acquire controlling interests in many basic industries. In Latin America, extractive industries such as mining and petroleum are viewed with special sensitivity since ownership of subterranean rights is usually vested in the government, and hence involves national pride. Control of transportation and communications facilities is equally sensitive. One can only begin to understand Latin Americans' resentment of foreign ownership in these areas if one imagines, for example, all of the steel mills and railroads in this country owned by Japanese firms.

While most developing nations welcome US aid and trade, they want to grow in their own way. Economic sanctions are viewed as an insensitive exercise of raw economic power. Moreover the amount of aid which a country might lose under Hickenlooper bears no relationship to the amount in dispute in the case of an expropriation. Often it is many times greater, so that the sanction is both arbitrary and punitive. Thus the entire legislative policy, of which the Hickenlooper Amendment happens to be the most notorious example, tends to play into the hands of those who claim that US aid exists only to support powerful private interests and not for the welfare and development of our neighbor countries, and that it is extended on our inflexible take-it-or-leave-it terms.

An equally glaring problem with Hickenlooper is the power it gives to private interests over our foreign relations. Our businessmen may be tempted to behave in a cavalier fashion, believing that with the threat of the amendment over the head of the host country, that country will put up with a lot before it risks losing all US aid.

Further trouble may be just around the corner as a result of Chile's takeover of Anaconda's huge El Salvador and Chuquicamata copper mines. President Allende has repeatedly stated that he wants the best possible relations with this country, and that Chile intends to pay Anaconda for the mines, already partially owned by Chile. What Chile considers a fair price may be substantially less than what Anaconda considers fair. If President Nixon concludes that Chile has not paid "full value" for Anaconda's holdings, the Hickenlooper Amendment will require him to cut off all foreign aid to Chile.

This will be no less embarrassing than the Peruvian situation. Although Allende won election at the head of a Socialist-Communist coalition, he was democratically elected and confirmed by a majority of the Chilean congress. He has pledged that he will not permit Chile to become a military base for the Soviet Union or any other foreign nation, and he has not delivered the country to the extreme militants as some had feared. President Nixon's initial failure to congratulate him on his election victory and our rejection of his invitation for a visit by the US Navy now seem inept, and it is believed that the President does not wish to worsen relations by repaying Allende's friendly gestures with a cutoff of all aid. Moreover, such a cutoff is perhaps the one thing this country could do to

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encourage Chile to go to Moscow or Peking for assistance.

President Nixon has been urged by his Task Force on International Development, chaired by the Bank of America's Rudolph Peterson, to seek repeal of the Hickenlooper Amendment. Governor Rockefeller is his *Report on the Americas* called for abolition of all such prohibitions and strings on foreign aid. Legislators such as Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on Western Hemisphere affairs, have called for repeal, but congressional sentiment on the whole is hostile to such a move.

Repeal of the Hickenlooper Amendment would place primary responsibility for resolving business disputes on businessmen. At the same time it would free US aid from the risk of mandatory termination arising out of a private dispute, enhance our credibility with the developing nations, and possibly even begin to reduce the unseemly mistrust between Congress and the State Department.

Most US business investors are coming to recognize the possibility of nationalization as a fact of life and a calculated risk of doing business. This risk can be minimized or entirely eliminated in any of a number of ways, including the use of joint ventures, insurance, contracting for timetable turnover of ownership or control after recoupment of the intitial investment plus a reasonable profit, careful selection of industries whose development is both needed and wanted by the local country, emphasis on transfer of technology and a variety of other means which vary depending on the country or business involved. Washington need not and should not fail to assist an investor who has been clearly wronged by a foreign government. However, automatic termination of all foreign aid is an extremely clumsy and inappropriate way to do it.

Ridgway M. Hall, Jr.

MR. HALL *is an attorney in Stamford, Connecticut.*

Missile Myths – I

A Soviet First Strike?

by Herbert Scoville, Jr.

Now that the US and the USSR have agreed at the highest level to "concentrate this year on working out an agreement to limit the deployment of ABMs" and "to agree on certain measures with respect to the limitations of offensive strategic weapons," it is timely to clear away some of the myths which have been hampering success at SALT and providing fuel for the arms race. One such myth has been the widely trumpeted charges that the Russians were preparing a first strike against the US – a strategic attack on this country which would destroy a sufficient proportion of our strategic retaliatory forces that we would be either unable or unwilling to respond. If the Soviets or we came to believe that they had this capability, then our deterrent, the heart of our strategic security, would have lost its credibility. Nuclear war would have become more likely and our vulnerability to nuclear blackmail a reality. This fear of a first strike against our Minuteman ICBMs was a major factor in President Nixon's previous reluctance, (which now appears to have been partially overcome) to negotiate an ABM agreement without a simultaneous limitation on offensive weapons. [*Laird said September 18 that the Russians in the last 10 months have undertaken, with "tremendous momentum," a buildup of both land- and sea-based missiles. When Laird gets specific in his report to Congress next January on the military budget, there will be, he predicts, no further talk of budget cutting, for the American people don't want to be "militarily inferior." Government officials, it is reported, say that 80 ICBM silos are being built in the Soviet Union, that the Soviet ICBMs already outnumber ours – 1500 to 1054 – and that they have or soon will have 25 operational missile-firing submarines (the US has 41). Numbers, of course, say nothing definitive about a first strike capability or intent.* – The Editors]

Secretary Laird first raised the first-strike alarm in justifying the Safeguard ABM when he said on March 21, 1969 that the Soviet Union is "going for a first strike capability, and there is no question about it."

HERBERT SCOVILLE, JR. *is Chairman of the Federation of American Scientists' Strategic Weapons Panel. Formerly he was Deputy Director for Research, CIA and Assistant Director for Science and Technology of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Part II of this report will appear in a forthcoming issue.*

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However, later, after testimony by Secretary Rogers and CIA Director Helms, he retreated to the position that the Russians were acquiring the forces that would provide them with such a capability.

Although we have no way of divining Soviet intentions, we must attempt to visualize a first-strike policy from the Soviet point of view. We must remember that a first strike that is only 50 percent or even 95 percent effective is a disaster for the Soviet Union, since few – or even one – thermonuclear explosions on its cities in retaliation would be a catastrophe. Knocking out all our Minuteman missiles but leaving us with a strong retaliatory force of submarine missiles and bombers is only an invitation to national suicide. Even if all our intercontinental bombers were also destroyed by Soviet submarine missiles, we would still be left with a retaliatory capability which could devastate the USSR. Thus, if the Soviets are serious in attempting to develop a first-strike capability, they must find some way to neutralize our Polaris submarines, to say nothing of our bombers based on carriers or overseas.

While the Soviets have a modest anti-submarine warfare program, they could not have a force which could destroy the Polaris fleet in this decade or probably the next and have apparently not even made a major effort to have one. Their only protection from Polaris missiles in the foreseeable future would be through an extensive nationwide ABM system that could shoot down essentially all retaliatory missiles; yet strangely, some time before Secretary Laird announced the Soviet intention to achieve a first-strike capability, the Russians stopped the deployment of their only ABM system, that around Moscow. They have only recently, more than three years later, resumed that deployment, but they could not have in this decade, and probably never, an operational system which they could count on for protection from completely unacceptable damage from the Polaris fleet alone.

The continued Soviet construction of about 50 to 60 very large SS-9 missile launchers a year was the primary evidence used to support the conclusion that the Soviets were seeking a first-strike capability. It was feared that about 500 of these missiles, each equipped with three MIRVs (multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles), could destroy 95 percent of the US Minuteman force in a first strike. The Russians had tested the SS-9 with three reentry vehicles beginning in August 1968, and US defense authorities suggested in 1969 that these were designed to knock out our Minuteman silos. They further argued that the only logical explanation for the continuing SS-9 buildup was a Soviet desire to achieve a first-strike capability. As time passed, this assumption evolved from theory to unquestioned gospel.

But is the desire to obtain a first-strike capability the only or even the most logical explanation for the Soviet SS-9 program? As background, note that the Russians have over the years been prejudiced in the direction of very large weapons systems. Their first ICBM, the SS-6, had several times the payload of the original US Atlas. The Soviets also carried out several nuclear weapons tests with yields above 20 megatons, one bomb even having a potential of 100 megatons. US defense planners have long since discarded the notion that such high-yield bombs serve any useful military purpose, even for a first strike; a multiplicity of smaller weapons is much more efficient. But, with this history of the desire of the Russian military to have the biggest weapons, it should not surprise us that they would deploy a very large missile.

It is also important to evaluate the strictly military reasons for acquiring large missile payloads. First, it should be remembered that the greater the payload of an offensive missile, the greater the capability for insuring penetration or saturation of an ABM system with decoys, electronic countermeasures or even multiple warheads. In September 1967, the US announced the decision to go ahead with a nationwide Sentinel ABM, and this was just about the time the Soviets must have been making the decision to expand their SS-9 program. One justification which the Russian military may have used to obtain the funds from the Kremlin leaders may well have been the strategic requirement to neutralize our Sentinel. A similar argument was used in the US to justify the replacement of Polaris missiles by Poseidon with three times the payload.

An alternate explanation could have been a Soviet desire to obtain a second strike counterforce capability, *i.e.*, an ability to retaliate and destroy any enemy weapons not expended in an initial attack. On September 22, 1970, General Ryan, Chief of Staff of the US Air Force, extolled the US Minuteman III with MIRVs because of its ability to destroy the long-range weapons of the enemy (Soviet ICBMs). When Secretary Laird was quizzed on this subject by Senator Brooke, he replied that "we were not seeking to develop a weapons system having, or which could reasonably be construed has having, a *first-strike* potential," namely, weapons which might be used to attack Soviet strategic forces in an initial attack. Presumably, our MIRV was thus designed to provide a *second-strike* counter weapons capability. Senior Defense officials have over the years supported our MIRV programs on the basis of enhanced effectiveness against hard targets. President Nixon in both his State of the World messages referred to the desire to have some other option in response to challenges or Soviet attacks than the resort to the indiscriminate mass destruction of enemy civilians. Why couldn't the Russians be seeking to achieve a similar option with their large SS-9s? A Soviet second-strike counterforce capability would not look different to us than a first-strike one, much the same as our MIRV deployment must look

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like a first-strike force to them. We ought not to automatically attribute sinister motives to Soviet attempts to emulate US programs to which we ascribe purely defensive purposes.

Furthermore the evidence from Russian missile programs does not support a first-strike capability as a priority objective. If the Soviets were seeking an early knockout blow against Minuteman with their SS-9s, they would have had to press the development of a true MIRV, preferably with more than three warheads per missile. US fears in 1969 that the Soviets had tested MIRVs proved illusory. Instead the tests proved, as many experts predicted, not to involve a multiple target capability, and not to be a threat to Minuteman. They may have been multiple warheads, which could be used to exhaust the US Sprint ABM interceptors. The Russians have never tested a missile with more than three reentry vehicles. Evidence is mounting that they have never even tested any MIRV which could be used to threaten Minuteman. General Ryan testified last March that the SS-9 would have to have a new guidance system and a more efficient reentry vehicle in order to do so. Previous alarms were based on premature release of unevaluated intelligence. This failure to test a true MIRV is strong evidence that the Soviets are not racing to achieve an early first-strike capability.

The new large holes in the ground or missile launchers, to which Secretary Laird and Senator Jackson pointed with such alarm in the early spring, are also evidence against this objective. The Defense Department has admitted that a large fraction of these are not even for large missiles. It is quite likely that they are a form of increased hardening (protection against a US attack) for both the SS-9s and the SS-11s, a characteristic that would make no sense if a first strike rather than a retaliatory capability were being sought. This explanation would be consistent with the apparent absence of tests of any new missile for these launchers. The Laird-Jackson alarm is just another example of publishing partially analyzed intelligence before all the facts are available and their implications realistically considered.

In sum, it would appear that the thesis that the Soviets are seeking to acquire a first-strike capability is unsupported by any evidence and is a pretext composed to justify Safeguard and other weapons programs. They have not carried out the programs needed to provide such a threat, and their existing deployments can be readily explained by alternative strategies. It is time that we stop creating, and giving credibility to, myths which only serve to divert our attention from the real security risks of the continued arms race. Unless we do, President Nixon's hopes for a meaningful SALT agreement this year will prove a mirage.

Vietnamization

The Illusion of Withdrawal

by Gabriel Kolko

Newspaper assertions that the administration has accepted the principle of total American troop withdrawals from Vietnam have begun to confuse desires with realities. The history of the war has, of course, repeatedly seen similar episodes regarding "progress" at the Paris Conference, alleged secret talks, and the like. The forthcoming visit of Nixon to Peking has reinforced the belief that the US government intends in the near future to withdraw from Vietnam. Largely because Nixon has convinced a sufficiently important portion of his critics that this is so, he has escaped from the diplomatic box in which the Provisional Revolutionary Government's seven-point statement placed him last July 1. In my judgment, the cultivated illusion that the President has a "plan" for which he requires public and congressional patience is belied by what the record shows to be a quite deliberate policy of protracted US military activity in Indochina and a will to sustain the war and the US presence there indefinitely.

The "Vietnamization" policy enunciated on November 3, 1969 was Mr. Nixon's response to the nation's growing passion for an end to the war. But the

Gabriel Kolko *is a professor of history at York University in Toronto.*

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House Committee on Appropriations hearings during the fall of that year made it plain, in the words of then Secretary of Army Stanley Resor, "that if we can make it clear to the enemy that we can reduce the level of the war to something that the American people will support for a significant period," then the NLF would "negotiate or possibly just reduce the level of combat." To Rep. George Mahon's observation that this meant "we are not looking forward to an early end of the war in Vietnam, but we are looking forward to shifting more of the burden of fighting the war . . . to the South Vietnamese," Resor replied, "that is about right. . . ." "I believe that we can anticipate having military forces in Vietnam for several years," General Westmoreland added.

Rereading this exchange "several years" later, with 215,000 American troops in Vietnam itself and about an equal number of war-related troops in Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific, one detects no great deception. The administration was sufficiently unambiguous about its real intention. As Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird made explicit in November 1969, the size of US "residual" forces, or "transitional forces" as he preferred to label them, depended on three elements: "In terms of numbers, or the size of these forces, this is to be determined on the basis of continuing assessment of the three criteria mentioned so often by the President: (1) progress in the Paris negotiations; (2) the levels of enemy activity; and (3) improvement in South Vietnam's capability to provide its own defense. Should there continue to be no significant progress in the negotiations, redeployment of US Forces will be based on the latter two criteria." The first phase of this "plan," to which the administration has consistently refused to attach a timetable or numbers, requires Saigon forces to take over all ground combat responsibilities, with the Americans increasingly providing only logistical and air and artillery support. The second phase, more nebulous, was to leave US forces exclusively in training and advisory roles, with logistics and air and artillery support largely in the hands of Saigon troops.

Since there is no way of controlling the two key contingencies, or hoping for such improvement in the Saigon army that it could somehow grasp the military victory that had eluded vastly superior French and American forces for almost a quarter-century, Laird explicitly avoided fixing a number or timetable when skeptical senators confronted him in November 1969: "If negotiations are not successful, I would assume that some US troops would remain in Vietnam, but not at the same levels that are in Korea [53,000] or in Europe." To Congressman Mahon's logical question that "If Vietnamization does not work, and if the North Vietnamese escalate the war, and if agreements cannot be reached in the Paris peace talks or otherwise, do you foresee the possibility of an escalation of the war in Vietnam? Laird replied: "I would not rule out that possibility completely".

Budget requests also reveal the real situation. Though Laird was to complain of a $2.5 billion ceiling on "support" to Saigon and dependent forces in the Indochina war, in fact the administration asked for $300 million less than that amount and has yet to argue that Saigon could use more. The projected full expense of the war in fiscal 1970, which began July 1, 1969, was between $23.2 billion and $25.4 billion – which meant that American manpower was budgeted to fight the overwhelmingly larger part of a war of high technology. For this reason, the hope of wholly substituting South Vietnamese for US forces was always a chimera designed to blunt growing public objection to indefinite American involvement. As always, the allocation of costs revealed the truth.

By the end of 1969, therefore, Nixon's "plan" for Vietnam was actually to continue a protracted conflict – save if unrealizable preconditions were attained – in a manner designed to escape mounting internal political and economic pressures. Throughout early 1970, senior US officials tried to give the impression that "Vietnamization" was going "extremely well," to cite General Westmoreland in February, but they stubbornly resisted all efforts to obtain a timetable for the removal of the last American personnel – even refusing to exclude 10 years. Only under repeated, intense questioning did it emerge that Saigon's air force was unable to handle close air support and interdiction, much less air defense and innumerable other contingencies and functions. "Consequently," the House Appropriations Committee was told during hearings on defense appropriations for 1971, "we expect a significant [US] Air Force commitment in Southeast Asia for a considerable period of time."

This commitment to maintain a high level of US manpower in the Indochina theater was acknowledged throughout 1970. It was a "pipedream," one Pentagon officer commented in July, to believe Nixon would have US forces down to 50,000 by the end of 1971; 150,000 to 200,000 as late as 1972 was now considered much more likely. The withdrawal schedule after mid-1972, it was admitted, had not been set. But the pace of US withdrawal, according to a semi-official and restricted Asian Development Bank analysis at this time, would slow down after the end of 1971, and by the end of 1972 US personnel in Vietnam itself would range from 110,000 to 200,000 men. Given the slowness of "Vietnamization," as *The New York Times* summed up the Pentagon's feelings in July, rapid "pullouts would cause the unraveling of the Saigon Government and its armed forces and produce a military and political collapse." Nixon's proposals of last October 7 were accurately interpreted by *The Wall Street Journal* as intended "to reduce dissent."

More to the point was the Pentagon's admissions, at the end of last year, that the Saigon army was

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deemed able, eventually, to absorb less than one-sixth of the number of helicopters the US was currently employing, and that air interdiction and naval operations would, as one US admiral put it, remain with the US military "for the foreseeable future." "I'm not going to indicate a withdrawal schedule," Nixon declared December 10. This refusal to designate a withdrawal timetable or to reveal when they would replace "phase one" of the "Vietnamization" program with "phase two," was accompanied by speculations, including one by the former head of the Vietnam and Pacific theater until 1968, Admiral U.S. Grant Sharp, that "the American presence in the Southeast Asia area is going to be large for some time to come." Public opinion, Washington was now openly speculating, would accept continued American involvement in the air, artillery and naval aspects of the war – those phases which had accounted for most of the firepower and destruction until now – while demanding further ground-force reductions. Secretary of State Rogers made this point repeatedly at his January 29, 1971 news conference: "... We don't see any reason why there should be any limit on the use of that airpower. He [Nixon] intends to use the airpower as he sees fit.... Our airpower is going to be used to the maximum extent necessary ... for the safety of Americans...."

On March 4, Mr. Laird revealed that although they would complete phase one of the "Vietnamization" program by this summer, "American ground combat forces will remain in a security role to protect US forces as Phase II progresses" – a condition not hitherto mentioned. Phase two "will take longer to complete," and to this he declined to attach any deadline, linking it to the amount of time the Saigon military would need to take over air, artillery, logistics and similar complex functions for which they were, in many instances, not even receiving training. Looking toward an even more distant future, Laird mentioned "phase three": "a military advisory mission, together with whatever small security forces are needed to protect this mission."

The reality of this policy is expressed in money and procurement – and fire and death. Military aid to the Saigon regime, while increased over 1970 to $1.83 billion in fiscal 1971 (which was still slightly less than 1969), remained a small fraction of the costs. While Nixon could focus on his quarter-million reduction in US troops in Vietnam by December 1970, more to the point were 532,000 remaining US personnel in all Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific still sustaining the war in the air and on the sea and ground. No one denies that the US had reduced its manpower to 226,000 in Vietnam itself by this August; the central question is the point at which the administration plans to slow down or stop personnel withdrawals and, above all, what it intends to do with the large number remaining in and around Indochina. Its public commitments run only through next November, and thereafter, General F. J. Kroesen, the Pentagon's manpower director, admitted to the House Appropriations committee last April 26, "we have not been given firm decisions." As *The New York Times* reported earlier that month, "no firm decision has yet been made on the precise size, composition or length of stay of the so-called American 'residual force' ...."

In fiscal 1972 (which began last July), the Air Force will enlarge its AC-130 gunship force. Projected ground and air munitions tonnages for 1972 are not published, but the 840,000 tons budgeted for the Army *alone* in fiscal 1971, and the utilization of 2.2 million tons of air and ground ordnance in Indochina in calendar year 1970 as opposed to 2.8 million tons in calendar 1969, indicates that the Nixon strategy has been to maintain an incredibly large firepower even as it evacuates less technologically advanced ground and support personnel. US Army ammunition procurement costs fell from $1.73 billion in fiscal 1970 to almost $600 million less the following year, but they are to leap back to $1.57 billion in 1972. The Indochina war accounts for the vast bulk of this expenditure.

The most comprehensive available index of what the Nixon administration is planning for the Indochina war is the budget data it persists in classifying as "secret" because the administration knows that publication of these data would, more than anything else, reveal the illusory nature of its vague references to "withdrawal." However, bits and pieces in the 4600 pages of House testimony on the latest Pentagon budget issued so far compel any careful analyst to conclude that Nixon has put his money where his policy is, and has no intention of foregoing massive US military support for the moribund, increasingly isolated Thieu regime. The specific costs for munitions and the air force for which we have data, as well as the minimum expense of maintaining at least 400,000 and perhaps nearly a half-million American personnel throughout the region employed in the war, assume necessarily large outlays.

The full, and real, cost of the war reached a peak of $28.8 billion in fiscal 1969 and was budgeted for $23.1 billion the next year. The best estimate for fiscal 1971 is $15.3 billion. But close reading of the shifts in military spending discussed in the Pentagon hearings, and additional estimates in usually informed US publications, suggests that the full costs of the war for the fiscal year 1972, ending next June 30, are projected for at least $10 billion, and more probably at $12 billion. Various offhand comments that Rogers and other officials have made in recent months hint it may run as high as $14 billion. Of this sum, less than one-fifth will be spent by Saigon military forces, and the war will remain essentially one wholly paid for and largely fought by Americans. So long as Nixon seeks to maintain a pro-US regime in power, it will remain that way.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Steagle
(Avco Embassy)

Millhouse
(New Yorker)

Reviewing Irvin Faust's novel *The Steagle* in the *NR* July 16, 1966, under the title "Pop Pilgrim's Progress," which also applies to the film, I noted that:

> "Steagle" is a coined word. During the Second World War two football teams – the Steelers and the Eagles – were combined and called the Steagles. Irvin Faust's novel is about another coalition in crisis; a young college teacher, under the pressures of the Cuban missile threat in 1962, fuses his past and present realities with his immanent fantasies . . . He suddenly runs away . . . to places in his past and in his past fantasy.

Harold cuts loose from his job and his bootlicking for a better job, from his pleasant-plain wife and two children, and lights out on a dream-fulfillment binge before expected destruction. He's in Hollywood on a toot with a cowboy-movie idol of his childhood when the news arrives that the Soviet Union has backed down. Harold throws up and comes home.

The film, like the novel, relies on our collusion. Before Harold flips out, his actions and his daydreams are realistic; but on his trip, we are asked not to ask questions. (Where does he get the money? The wardrobe? What about his family? What about his job?) The boundaries are marked by trains: in his normal life, he hates planes, in his breakout trip he always flies. When he goes back to trains, we go back to policing the credibility.

The idea itself is a stinging capsule. An urban American, who is (relevantly) Jewish, is busted out of sanity into a frenzy of Americana by American actions. He plunges into a whirl of sports-film-bandleader-schoolboy-Second War fantasies – "a molecular play of memory, association, and projection" (to quote myself). The novel doesn't quite succeed: Harold's character is posited rather than created, and the tenor of his whole life seems as overheated as the central portion. I thought that Harold might do a bit better on film because he himself is so much the product of a movie culture, but in fact he fares somewhat worse.

This is the first film by Paul Sylbert, who also wrote the screenplay. Sylbert – twin brother of Richard Sylbert, one of the best designers in American films – is also a designer and has directed in the theater and TV. His graphic-arts background leads to the chief disappointment: he hasn't *seen* his film. In a good film, one usually feels that the director knew the visual tone or tones he wanted before he began, but that's exactly what's missing here. *The Steagle* just feels its way along, in visual terms. The camera is never entirely convinced that it ought to be looking at things exactly from its angle. The composition and the editing are flabby: no controlling concept and not even any ambition toward a particular style – realist, surrealist, fantastic or any combination of them or anything else. A curious point is that Frank D. Gilroy, a writer, knew pretty well how he wanted his first film (*Desperate Characters*) to look; and Sylbert, a designer, does not.

Harold's daydreams before breakout are trite Walter Mitty episodes, *à la* TV situation-comedy. The crucial scene of lovemaking in the car, as Kennedy speaks grimly on the radio, completely lacks the impact of tensions colliding, it's just some front-seat screwing with a comic-gruesome counterpoint. A Chicago sequence with a former girlfriend's daughter was weak in the novel and is weaker here because Sylbert didn't know it was weak to begin with and didn't think of any way to help it. A desert sex sequence is just uneasy, and ends with a terrible cliché of a man against the sky. The picture's best moment is in the deserted Hollywood studio when Harold and the old Western actor "mow down" dozens of dream attackers with a machine gun – a horde of German soldiers from both wars, mixed with Arabs, Civil War soldiers, and Indians – and even this isn't as effective as it should be because it's just a straight head-on shot with no nuance of angle or editing.

Sylbert's shortcoming is aggravated by two other matters. The photography by Burnett Guffey, who did *Bonnie and Clyde*, is in flat hard colors, like metal plates of blue or green or yellow laid in, impenetrable and unevocative, a series of hard post-card surfaces.

And the performance of Harold by Richard Benjamin – *The Steagle* is this month's Benjamin film – is simply more of the same: clever comic inflections and self-defensive, self-assertive "cool." All that changes for Benjamin from picture to picture is the dialogue. Of course, this was largely true of the great film heroes, Wayne, Gable, Cooper, Tracy,

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

Carnal Knowledge. The US tail-chasing male skinned by Jules Feiffer – but the knife isn't sharp enough. Sometimes funny, eventually flat. But Mike Nichols does his best film direction, and Jack Nicholson (as a Bronxite???) blazes through.

Desperate Characters. They're desperate upper-middle-class married characters, beset by the hostilities around and between them. Deft, authentic, *whole.* Kenneth Mars and, yes, Shirley MacLaine are good. Frank D. Gilroy scripted, produced, directed, triumphed.

The Go-Between. 1900, looking fresh as English daisies. Mildly poignant story, like the L. P. Hartley original, about a small boy who witnesses a doomed love affair. Margaret Leighton fine, Alan Bates fair, Julie Christie foo. Joseph Losey directed, at his textural best.

The Hired Hand. An attempt to capture, in visual ballad form, the changing of the Old West, where men fared alone, into a west of families and farms. Sometimes precious, often lovely. Verna Bloom is an earthy farm wife. Peter Fonda, merely earnest as the husband, does better with his directing. (His directing debut.)

Little Big Man. Dustin Hoffman in the Old West, too, as both a white man and an Indian, which enables him to live to 121! The antiwhite moralizing in Arthur Penn's direction is a bit heavy, but there's some picaresque sweep. SK

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The Nihilism of Boredom

A Sort of Life by Graham Greene

(Simon and Schuster; $6.95)

The title of Graham Greene's autobiography, *A Sort of Life*, is more humble than ho-hum, but boredom is nonetheless its chief complaint. During his first 12 years Greene was happy as children are: curious, excited, innocently manic. Then boredom struck, chronic and almost terminal. For the rest of his life Greene had his thumb out, both in his life and his fiction, hitching a ride to danger.

At 13, he became a boarder at St. John's, formerly his childhood home, part of Berkhamsted School; and what had been fable dwindled into "stone steps, the ink-stained school-room, . . . the smell of farts around the showers." Far worse, his father was headmaster, his brother Raymond a prefect, and Greene could belong to neither his family nor his age group. He fell between the two loyalties into a crevasse of boredom.

Unsuccessful at cutting his leg open, he ran away at 15, was hunted and captured (like most of his protagonists), and was psychoanalyzed in London. He returned "vain and knowing." But still he was bored.

One day a governess showed a "long length of naked thigh" and Greene, then an Oxford undergraduate, fell in love. She, however, was engaged to another. "Boredom seemed to swell like a balloon inside the head." A line from *Peter Pan*, "To die will be an awfully big adventure," swelled there too. Yet after swallowing 20 aspirins, Greene found that swimming in a deserted pool was merely like "swimming through wool." Drinking hypo and eating nightshade also failed to kill him. Russian roulette, six exhilarating clicks over several years, left him alive and, after the sense of risk wore off, bored. He was drunk all one term at Oxford. Once he described the symptoms of an abscess to a dentist, and though he "lost a good tooth . . . the boredom was for the time being dispersed."

While still an undergraduate he offered himself as a spy to occupied Germany, wrote an unpublished novel about "a black child born to white parents," and became a probationary Communist in the hope of being sent to romantic Russian cities. He also looked up a girl named Vivien, a Roman Catholic who had left a note at the porter's lodge in Balliol protesting his "inaccuracy in writing . . . of the 'worship' Roman Catholics gave to the Virgin Mary, when I should have used the term 'hyperdulia.'" That anyone could feel passionately about a distinction so subtle must have struck him as miraculous. Soon they were married.

Before marrying, however, Greene put in a stint as a journalist in Nottingham. Curious about Catholicism, he went to school to a local priest with the suitable name Father Trollope. He was converted, and once again felt enlivened by danger: "I was afraid of where the tide would take me." But, alas, he already had a vocation and "most men," as his character Querry was later to say, "haven't room in their brains or hearts for two vocations." Greene fought the tide in his novels and in the last few he has crawled back to the shore. How wide it curves with boredom, but at least there he can be himself, not drowned, not digested by God, simply a novelist. And now, preferring Chardin's "noosphere" to the concept "God," he is content to wait for what the grave discloses.

Greene moved to London to become a sub-editor at *The Times*, learning there the remarkable concision of his style. Still he put out his 500 words of fiction daily, and one morning Heinemann called to say that they would publish his third novel, *The Man Within*. Greene got out of bed, instantly cured of the flu, and signed a contract. The book sold 8000 copies: a "success." But the next two books did not sell, the terrible balloon in the head returned: ". . . there had been frustrated love, now there was failure." A fourth novel, *Stamboul Train*, had been a "temporary popular success"; how temporary may be judged, Greene says, by the fact – he notes it twice, in blood – that his tenth novel, *The Power and the Glory*, had a first printing of only 3500, a mere 1000 more than his first.

Greene has "preferred to finish this essay" here, "with the years of failure." Or more precisely 20 years later, confiding to a friend in Siam that success for a writer "is only a delayed failure. And it is incomplete." Only an author "can sniff out the dry rot" in his work. So he takes his leave in the old surrendering East: "The smell of opium is more agreeable than the smell of success."

Yet perhaps Greene's only real failure has been his cult of it. For him it has meant comfort, the easiest route.

"I love failure," says Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter*: "I can't love success." ". . . Be a failure," he silently pleads with his wife, "so that I can love you once more. . . ." Love in Greene is usually pity. His earliest memory, he states in this loveless autobiography, is of a dead dog at the foot of his pram; "poor dog" were almost his first words. Yet even pity – that parasite on failure – is failure. A "terrible impotent feeling," Greene notes with relish, it smolders in the heart "like decay." And when it "goes out to any human need," it "makes it worse."

If failure thus connects us with others, it also makes us a figure to ourselves. It secretes a sour aesthetic, even a metaphysical, balm. The attraction of the failed man is that he is "incomplete." He can never be finished, he is stuck like a squashed thing on Becoming. Success is the drained glass, the empty belch. Or so Greene's nihilism of boredom spurs him to feel. "Perhaps in many so conditioned," he says of his despairing love for the governess, "it is the love for God that mainly survives, because in his eyes they can imagine themselves remaining always drab, seedy, unsuccessful, and therefore worthy of notice." And if Greene has never fought the conditioning, perhaps it is because failure paradoxically fills his boredom, making the vacant space ache with loss.

In his recent best seller, *Travels with My Aunt*, the novelist went on holiday, tasting fun and success like a tourist ordering a special wine in a gourmet restaurant. It looked like new love for life, or at least for danger finally scrubbed clean of failure. It was a spiritual recovery, if an aesthetic slump. But now, in the autobiography, the old mood is back, and the book is self-indulgently steeped in defeat and loss.

Graham Greene a failure? Not even the

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sweet sickly smell of failure – failed vocation, salvation, love – can keep *Brighton Rock*, *The Power and the Glory*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair*, and *A Burnt-Out Case* from being honest poetic works of the first order, with what Greene himself calls the eternal values of art. They share a quality distinctive and deeply compelling. In them sharpness and mystery of character combine poignantly in a rich translucent salt prose medium. Then, too, how brilliantly the metaphors add sudden depth, like sunlight through water; many are superb pieces of characterization. Wonderful above all is the way that pain, despair, pity, elation, the complex life of the heart, are ceaselessly bared, through a concentration that is at once clarity and beauty. "Beauty is like success: we can't love it for long," Scobie says, but these novels ought to be loved forever.

The autobiography is less lovable. Written in a compact commanding style, and with Greene's instinct for honesty, it cannot fail to please. Yet the tone, so held down, is joyless, the precision is crabbed, and instead of seeming open like the novels, with gaps of profundity and beauty, the book is like a burrow in which Greene, conscious of advancing age, retires gratefully to a prepared nest of failure.

Calvin Bedient

Into the Modern World

Spain
by Richard Herr

(Prentice-Hall; $7.95)

Uneasy lies the Head who doesn't wear a crown. Such must have been the thought of Generalissimo Francisco Franco after World War II when Spain found itself treated as an outlaw, barred from the victors' councils, and sliding rapidly toward economic ruin. It became a question, then, of how long the masses would put up with a parvenu ruler who offered them austerity, shibboleths like God and country, and suspect privileges like the right to talk as freely as you wished if you didn't "attack the fundamental principles of the state."

Attacking government principles was presumably the same as zeroing in on Franco. He might have said – for he implied – "the state is me." But Bourbon attitudes do not a Bourbon make, and the Generalissimo's title of Jefe del Estado (Head of State) was simply borrowed goods in the eyes of unrelenting conservatives, for whom legitimate power centered in the vacant throne Alfonso XIII had occupied until the coup of 1931. In the 1950s the US helped Franco escape a coup himself by lending Spain close to one billion dollars for nonmilitary needs. Though the cry of the hungry was satisfied, he saw how important it was to appease the conservatives' romantic – and legalistic – craving for legitimacy. He thereupon named Juan Carlos, grandson of Alfonso XIII, the next head of state. This tactic might have passed as selfless statesmanship if Franco hadn't ordered the handsome Bourbon prince to swear allegiance to the Movimiento National, an ultraconservative party that spoke of God and country as if it had a patent on both. Will Juan Carlos throw off the Movimiento once he takes the throne? The answer to this question, suggests Professor Herr, may determine Spain's ability to avoid a replay of the last Civil War.

Like earlier historians, Richard Herr tries to uncover the origins of the Civil War by going back to eighteenth century rationalism and its dispersion abroad by the French *philosophes*. Yet it is doubtful if Voltaire, Rousseau and the whole choir of Encyclopedists were as successful in shaking up Spain as Karl Marx, whose power did not become evident until the growth of the labor movement after World War I. A general strike in 1934, topped by a revolt in the northern province of Asturias, panicked the leaders of the Second Republic and brought Franco on the national scene. He advised the government that Moorish troops and legionnaires he had commanded in Africa would put a quick stop to the Asturias revolt. There was a widespread outcry against barbarianism as these troops carried out their assignment but their success was undebatable. At a single blow – literally – Franco won the overwhelming confidence of the Republican government he was to fight two years later. This confidence probably rested in part on Franco's assertion that he was a soldier first and last, completely disengaged from politics. "I have never bothered with politics," he reiterated only a few years ago. Behind this quip, perhaps, was the implication that he'd never bothered to develop a political philosophy while intellectuals who *had* bothered were tasting prison or exile.

Franco's temperament and his virtues and vices together have cast him as a vest-pocket Cromwell. The habit of austerity seems to have descended to Franco from a grandfather who combined piety with sailoring. At military academy Franco was bullied by his classmates because he was diminutive, wrapped in his studies, used to keeping women at a healthy distance, and dead-set against smoking and drinking. Unable to cut a graceful figure in the drawing room and far from enamoured with society, he advanced by meritorious soldiering and luck.

Also like Cromwell, Franco is said to be a slow-thinking man who circles with extraordinary patience around a problem before he reaches a decision. With his habit of delay, as in the case of the Puritan leader, goes a notorious temper. One tale has it that while Franco was reviewing his African troops a disgruntled soldier emptied his mess kit in the general's face. Franco showed no reaction until the inspection was finished, then cleaned his face and called out the firing squad.

The degrees of his ruthlessness and intolerance may be, and are, argued. Since World War II he has certainly made serious gestures toward the democracies by releasing political prisoners and loosening rigid censorship laws. He has also encouraged the arts, and even daubs canvases himself. Yet memories of repression have inhibited the work of realistic novelists and kept painters from attempting the representational art of a Goya. And of course

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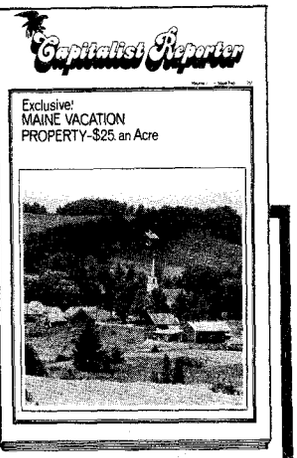

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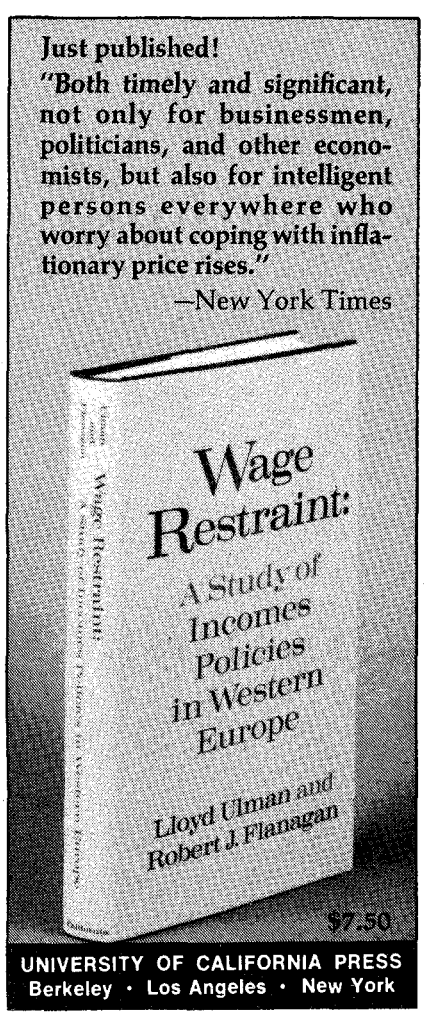
the freedoms of speech and worship remain severely limited. A mellowed dictator, this Franco of 1971? Yes, says Herr, but Spain remains a police state.

In defense of a dictatorship for Spain – today and tomorrow – Franco has pointed to tensions which set province against province, peasants against landowners, workingmen against the Church, and in the words of Sancho Panza's grandmother haves against have nots. "Let Spaniards remember," Franco warns, "that each nation is a prey to its particular furies. . . . Spain's furies are the anarchial spirit, negative criticism, lack of solidarity between men, extremism, mutual enmity." But are Spain's "furies" in fact vastly different from those of France or Italy where internal division causes political parties to multiply like rabbits and fight each other like lions? And how would Franco address himself to the "anarchial spirit" on US campuses and elsewhere?

Herr's best pages describe his visits to a small town that is beginning, without pressures from government, to achieve the solidarity Franco glorifies. Only sixty miles from Madrid, the farm community of Jaranda was isolated and down-at-heel in 1951, a stranger to electricity or telephones and so uninviting that schoolmistresses who tried to settle there fled after a few months. Thirteen years later Jaranda had made it into the twentieth century. A bus rolled through every other day. The town hall boasted a TV set. A tailor owned a car (to be sure, Jaranda's only car and a mini-model at that), delivered suits in it and also reached his customers by telephone. Yet Jaranda's poverty seems harsher than ever to its young people, who continue to head for the enticements of Madrid, offering a counter-movement to urbanites seeking pollution-free suburbs. All in all, as Spain's rural population shrinks, city and *pueblo* manners grow more uniform, and the antagonisms, though still evident, are fast breaking down.

Herr's love of Spain lends his book a vitality that saves it from the dangers of a sterile scholarship. The scholarship is present, but well in hand; and readers searching for the essence of the book and what Herr himself thinks will be especially grateful for the concision and insights of the conclusion. It introduces us to an author who regrets the passing of a distinctive peasant past and who at the same time is too much the sober observer to see picturesqueness in beggars' rags, hunger, backbreaking work with a mule and a Roman plow, illiteracy, superstition, and impassable roads. Too bad more of the new Spain didn't get into these pages, but that would probably be another book.

James Walt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Mr. Sheed's Dryden

The Morning After: Selected Essays and Reviews by Wilfrid Sheed

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95)

One way to consider Wilfrid Sheed's new book is to think of him in relation to John Dryden, perhaps our first professional writer to sustain himself by meeting the current sales demands of his vocation. Mr. Sheed writes to order, mostly pithy essays on movies, plays or books, in the pages of *Life*, *Esquire*, *Book World*, *Sports Illustrated*. The formal demands of this occasional writing, like those of the heroic couplet itself, force a concentration on the epigram, the compact summation, the striking generalization:

> Senator McCarthy came out in the corridor of the Beverly Hilton early on Wednesday and said a few sparse words of regret. His face was white and ravaged, like a private man's, not just heavy and solemn like a politician's.

> Iris Murdoch, the English novelist, is one of those permanently promising writers. After each of her books, great things are confidently expected – of the next one. And perversely, almost coyly, Miss Murdoch delivers a little bit less each time, until it is no longer quite clear what it is we are waiting for.

To this highly professional skill Sheed fortunately brings the restraint of common sense, balance and, most importantly, a sense of responsibility. He is somewhat more than Dryden to Podhoretz's Shadwell; he is more sober, more wary, more sociological, less technical. He may mechanically put down a Pinter play, in a one-shot, shallow review, clearly tailored for a deadline, belaboring the obvious and not missing the easiest invitation to glibness, but he takes his own careful and considered time in a patient, ruminative, almost solemn, and, finally, rightly tuned, sour dismissal of Podhoretz's *Making It*. His appreciation of Belloc and Chesterton is a sustained effort to do a desirable if possibly thankless job of resusci-

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tation, taken on with a full awareness of the handicaps, gracefully acknowledged and confronted.

He has his eye on the scene, and takes it and himself with a reassuring seriousness. He knows that the line between literary writing and reporting these days, between the nonfiction and fiction of Mary McCarthy, Edmund Wilson, Rebecca West, Truman Capote, in their different ways, is thin, sometimes factitious. Norman Mailer, thus, is examined both through his work and his person. Most notably, Sheed writes about the Kennedy brothers and about Eugene McCarthy as esthetic artifacts with political, sociological, philosophical, moral substance, not to speak of personality and character. I am sure we would still be happy to have Dryden and Milton's sense in more than encomium of Oliver Cromwell, in the way we have Sheed's sense of McCarthy.

McCarthy is reviewed, as Mailer and Podhoretz were reviewed, more as a canon than as a single movie or book or play. Sheed tries to get the spread of the McCarthy landscape, both at the moment and in history, and his distinction between the religiosity of the Kennedy brothers and that of McCarthy is gracious, illuminating, appreciative, yet unsparing. I think, though, that he may be less than sharp about Mr. McCarthy's profession of poetry, which he dismisses with alacrity. It isn't simply a matter that some better identity is needed to run for President again than that of ex-politician, or ex-senator. The poet at best, in achievement or in ambition, has tried to be, or has simply had to be, the crystallizing conscience of a particular people at a particular time. The leaven of humor, the instinct for prophecy, the sometimes self-destructive impulse in an immediate and obvious honesty, the gift of insight, the touch of phrase, these have not been absent, in past or present time, from great or prominent leaders. We may, with some piquancy, think of De Gaulle as a literary man manqué; Pompidou is a man of letters; we have had other poet, essayist, and novelist prime ministers. Literature is sometimes a harder taskmaster in the service of man as he really and totally is than day-to-day politics.

McCarthy's poetry still has a minaturistic tightness and narrowness at the moment, it is the work of a man new to the formal discourse, but it is not whim or affectation, and it may represent his larger quality perhaps better than his academic wit. The latter is instinctive with Mr. McCarthy, as it was with Adlai Stevenson, and it is a generous quality, devoid of aggressiveness (I can never forget the look of hopeless yet faintly smiling and silent tolerance with which the then Senator greeted his colleague, Barry Goldwater, in the television debate when the latter made some naive, school-boy generalization about economics), but it is not, as perhaps the poetry can be, a mode of affirmation and encompassment.

So much for reservations. We have a sustained effort in the McCarthy essay by a trained, articulate, essentially modest yet determinedly motivated critic, to present a fair, full and modulated, evaluation of a real man in terms of the text available to him, like Dr. Johnson, say, on Milton. Perhaps what the Sheed book leads up to and down from is its portrait of McCarthy, and it would certainly be good to have more such studies of public figures.

Morris Freedman

Notable

Upstate
by Edmund Wilson

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95)

Largely journal, this appears to be book number twenty-four by Edmund Wilson. It was written over a period of two decades in Talcottville, New York, which "was years ago a kind of family center, to which my parents and my cousins from all over the country were in the habit of returning in the summers." Wilson inherited the family house there, and has in his late years divided his time between it and his home on Cape Cod. Much of the book is attentive to local people and to the history of a small but persistent, isolated, frequently snow-bound community. In Wilson's hands the Talcottville detail is surprisingly lively, though enterprising editing might well have spared us a few relatives; but what is important about the book is Wilson himself, now an old man in an old house meditating, in the objective, reportorial way that made him such a good critic, on writing, writers, book

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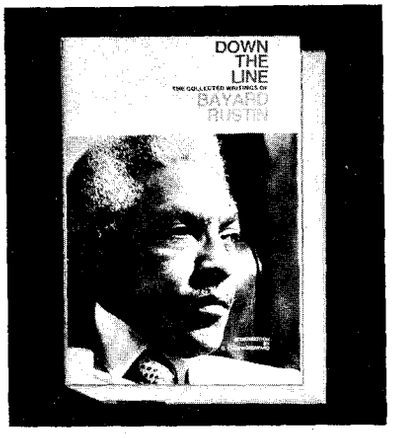
The Making of a Man...and a Decade



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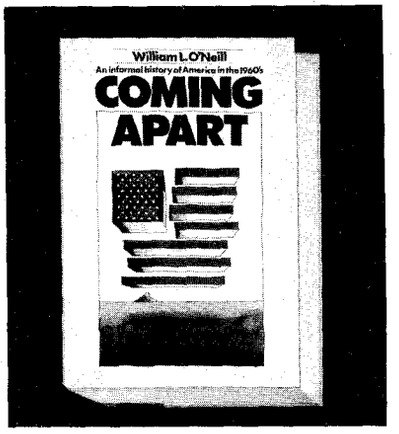

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awards, whisky, the income tax, whatnot. A Wilson meditation is anecdotal, polemical and sometimes interminable – but always specific, never a dissertation on Life. Usually it is based on a conversation, such as an angry dinnertable affair that began when Wilson proposed that a law "be passed making it impossible for a Texan to be President of the United States." Sometimes it takes the form of a character sketch following a meeting (he makes very good comments about Van Wyck Brooks, for example, and John Dos Passos) and sometimes it is merely brief comment following the reporting of an unusual experience like going to a dirty movie ("I do not think that such films should be allowed. College students should not be encouraged to go in for drugtaking orgies, and the film about the rapist could be taken as demonstrating how easy it is to commit a rape: just follow the woman up a dark alley and give her a clout with a club"); but always it is solid. Wilson is now extremely crusty and opinionated – and it's hard to distinguish between joke and polemic – but he never leaves the reader with opinion merely. The surrounding furniture of body and spirit is important to him, and he is one of the least deceived, most down-to-earth observers of that furniture our culture has produced.

Much of the latter part of the journal – particularly the years from 1965 on – is overcast with sickness and infirmity, yet the book ends with cogent, good-tempered observations of his own role and condition as "a member of a once privileged class which is being eliminated all over the world," a condition that, he says, doesn't bother him much anymore since he has "learned to read the papers calmly and not to hate the fools I read about."

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Reconsiderations

The Varieties of Religious Experience

By the time William James delivered the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh during the academic year 1901-1902 he was a man entering his sixties, a distinguished psychologist and philosopher, a forceful and influential Harvard professor. His *Principles of Psychology* (1890), despite its title, was no textbook, but rather a two-volume scientific effort worthy of the best European scholarship. Thoroughly versed in history, not without some of his younger brother's literary sensibility, able to feel at ease reading scientific treatises or working in a laboratory, James almost single-handedly established psychology as a discipline respectable and sturdy enough to merit both teachers and students in more and more American colleges. Yet, for all his interest in physiology and psychology, he could not shake off an interest in more speculative matters, including theology and what was then called moral philosophy. For one thing, his father had been a Presbyterian minister, thoroughly versed in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish scientist and religious philosopher, who had an uncanny ability to mix dramatic and sometimes apocalyptic speculation with dry, matter-of-fact, naturalistic observation. Moreover, James was much influenced by what his Harvard contemporary George Santayana has called "the genteel tradition," wherein ideas are developed and fashioned with great care and elegance, but not put to any great test in either the world of business or politics, or in the laboratory. Not that James feared down-to-earth experiments or involvement in the day-to-day issues of his time. He had graduated from Harvard Medical School, accompanied Louis Agassiz on an expedition to the Amazon, studied in Germany with hard-headed scientists like Helmholtz, Virchow and Bernard. Still, he had about him, for all his intellectual energy, a certain frailty of mind and spirit. For several years he suffered from what was then known as neurasthenia; in his case the disease took the form of fearfulness, shyness, and episodes of exceedingly low morale. And like his novelist brother, he was a sharp but somewhat aloof observer who could fight hard for what he believed in, but was at the same time vulnerable and timid, an intensely private man, hard to know and even at times completely inaccessible, for all the wry wit that comes across in his writing and the charm he is reported to have possessed as a lecturer.

The Varieties of Religious Experience
by William James

Now available from Mentor,
$1.25 and Modern Library, $2.95.

Originally published by
Longmans, Green & Co., 1902

In 1902 *The Varieties of Religious Experience* was published, based upon the Gifford Lectures. For a decade before James went to Scotland, filled to the brim with information about saints and sinners and what they believe or ridicule as absurd, he had been expanding his psychological interests to include ethical and religious subjects. Though he looked upon himself as a skeptic and an empiricist, he dared talk about immortality and "life's ideals"; and he was very much taken with the notion of *will*. He believed us thoroughly willful, for all the constraints upon us. That is to say, neurophysiological impulses may exert their influence upon the mind, and the world around us may in many respects determine how we think and act, but for all of that, each of us is no mere bundle of reflexes, no social automaton – and yes, no "product" of whatever goes on within our unconscious minds. It may come as a surprise to some of us, but James in the 1890s knew rather a lot about the unconscious; he granted it power over much of our activities, and saw it as a clever, tricky, agile, and resourceful part of man's mental equipment, very much like the unconscious Sigmund Freud was in the same decade struggling to fathom. Of course Freud became much more preoccupied with the unconscious, and inevitably for a while gave the rest of the mind precious little margin over our destinies. Toward the end of his life, though, Freud was increasingly preoccupied with the play of forces in the mind, with the ego's ability to achieve for a given person a kind of limited but real mastery over the various urges and

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drives that push upon all of us without letup. More recently some of our most gifted American psychoanalysts, Allen Wheelis and Leslie Farber, for instance, have gone further – emphasized the coherence and self-sufficiency, the *intentionality* men in previous centuries called it, we more than occasionally muster, however buffeted by strong conflicts whose exact character so often eludes us. And when those analysts use the word "will," as they both do repeatedly, they are harkening back to William James, who never forgot what I suppose a man of common sense wouldn't forget: that we not only have dreams and nightmares, and free or not-so-free "associations," and anxieties and phobias, but we (most of us) every day do things, act, make decisions, show ourselves to be competent, effective human beings, men and women going about the business of living with a thankful absence of self-consciousness.

For James *The Varieties of Religious Experience* was an occasion to summarize many of his ethical and philosophical views, but also an opportunity to show what he believed the human mind is all about, and not least, how psychologists and psychiatrists ought think about their work. True, most of the book is taken up with presentations of, then commentary upon, the writings of various religious writers. Yet, even in this regard James quietly but persistently makes a point. He does not confine himself to the accepted Protestant and Catholic theologians, saints or prophets. He ranges wide and far, drawing upon religious documents held dear by Hindus, Buddhists and Mohammedans. He discusses Yoga. He goes into the Hindu notion of "dhyana," their word for higher states of contemplation. He draws upon many obscure Western mystics, as well as the better known saints, like Augustine, Ignatius of Loyola, John of the Cross, or Teresa – though he also summons the words of men who would be more familiar to his audience in Scotland or his readers in America: Jonathan Edwards, George Fox, Emerson and Thoreau, Cardinal Newman. Again and again in an offhand way he comes up with a remark like this – followed, needless to say, by a substantial excerpt from a book, a footnote that directs us elsewhere for more information, and finally a stretch of analysis: "We Christians know little of Sufism, for its secrets are disclosed only to those initiated. To give its existence a certain liveliness in your minds, I will quote a Moslem document, and pass away from the subject."

By no means is the cumulative effect one of pedantry and cleverness smugly displayed. James wants to show how self-centered any of us, from whatever background or society, can get – particularly when the stakes are as high as eternity itself. He has little patience with ecclesiastical arrogance, with the "absolutism and one-sided dogmatism by which both philosophy and religion have been infested." But he goes further than that; a Harvard professor, a scientist and a writer of books and essays, he notes at the beginning of his second in a series of twenty lectures that "the theorizing mind tends always to the oversimplification of its materials." Later on he takes note of the meanness and bigotry so often over the centuries resorted to in the name of Jesus Christ or Mohammed, but again supplies a larger view of such occurrences: "The plain fact is that men's minds are built, as has been often said, in water-tight compartments." The result is our ability to mouth pieties, then go on to climb over our neighbors and friends in pursuit of money, power, prestige, whatever – and in so doing let ourselves off the hook by calling all sorts of other people a variety of unfriendly names, thereby clearing our own slates quite thoroughly. Meanwhile, if anyone challenges us, tries to bring us up short, we can always dismiss him immediately as an outsider, or ignorant, or blind to truths we and we alone know. So, the bigotry one finds among church-men, among others, has to be traced further, has to be seen as "chargeable to religion's wicked intellectual partner, the spirit of dogmatic dominion, the passion for laying down the law in the form of an absolutely closed-in theoretical system."

James wants very much to distinguish between church affiliation and attendance on the one hand and the experience of prayer, of communion with God, of self-transcendence. He wants to capture and convey the mind at work – appealing to higher powers, confessing its misgivings and hesitations, asking for yet another chance, demonstrating its awareness of God's gracious presence, indicating its willingness to subordinate all sorts of whims and fancies to a search whose outcome by no means can be taken for granted. Some

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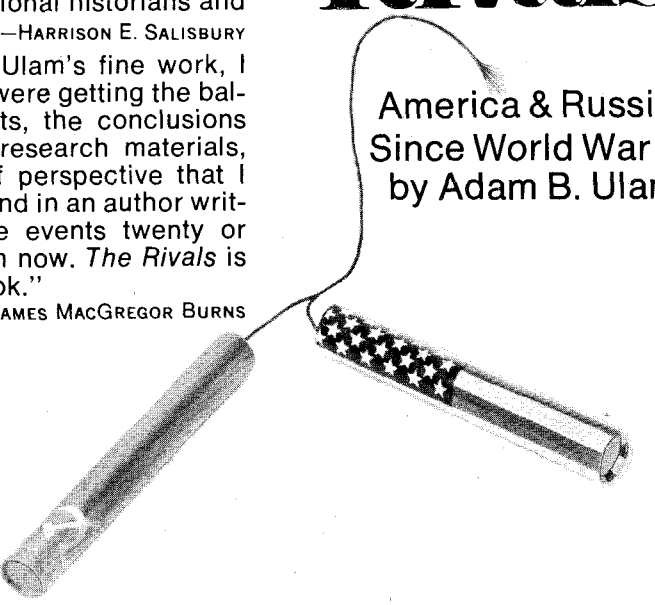

The Rivals

America & Russia Since World War II by Adam B. Ulam

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silliness and wildness and marked confusion if not craziness does indeed come across in a few of the documents presented, but the man who analyzes them has no interest in showing us that in pursuit of faith men lose their senses. In fact they often enough gain something rare and impressive, a depth and breadth of feeling, a capacity to reflect seriously about things that matter, a sense of freedom – as if for a moment they have at last been sprung loose from the orthodoxies and banalities of the day.

At times the New England empiricist and pragmatist begins to sound like Dostoievsky. He scoffs at "abstract definitions and systems of concatenated adjectives"; and he declares his impatience with "faculties of theology and their professors." What he stresses is "the complexity of the moral life, and the mysteriousness of the way in which facts and ideals are interwoven." For him there is something immensely powerful yet ineffable in "prayerful communion." The mind becomes more than it ordinarily is. He can't quite specify what he means, so he gropes for words; he speaks of a heightened and activated "centre of personal energy." He speaks of "regenerative effects unattainable in other ways." He even turns on himself as well as his colleagues, by pointing out that men like himself who determine "the reigning intellectual tastes," can often be all too self-assured, and blind to "realities" other than those they happen to value and dwell upon. He gets a little awkward when he makes such a point, and sometimes he does so in a footnote – as if to say that he is aware many will consider, and maybe correctly (there seems no limit to his capacity for self-criticism) the swipes he levels at the influential theorists of his day to be rather gratuitous, or as it would have been put in the 1890s, a disedifying spectacle. He has to persist, though. The stakes are too high, he seems to feel. So, he goes ahead, and when he is through an aside has become a statement of purpose, a warning, and in a way a prediction of things to come: "Even the errors of fact may possibly turn out not to be as wholesale as the scientist assumes. We saw in Lecture IV how the religious conception of the universe seems to many mind-curers 'verified' from day to day by their experience of fact. 'Experience of fact' is a field with so many things in it that the sectarian scientist, methodically declining, as he does, to recognize such 'facts' as mind-curers and others like them experience, otherwise than by such rude heads of classification as 'bosh,' 'rot,' 'folly,' certainly leaves out a mass of raw fact which, save for the industrious interest of the religious in the more personal aspects of reality, would never have succeeded in getting itself recorded at all."

The point is that one generation's obvious truths become another generation's field of inquiry. James was no mystic himself, and when he writes about mystics and saints and healers and souls seized with lyrical revelations that defy description let alone quantification, he makes clear his own situation as an observer, a moderately sympathetic investigator, a man conscientiously responsive to those he is trying to comprehend. But he also cannot forget that the tone he gives to his lectures, the attitude he brings to those he is studying, can become terribly important. Are they all mad, in need of his clever and oh so definitive diagnosis, not to mention (if it were possible) his "help"? Are they gullible, or possessed of second-rate minds, hence worth a kind of analysis that makes us, who read or write or want to write books like *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, feel ever so pleased with ourselves – because surely we are not susceptible to hysteria, superstition, flights of self-deluding fantasy? In lecture after lecture the American psychologist resists blandishments he apparently knew only too well—and not because he was a shrewd observer of *other* people. Though nowhere in the book does he become autobiographical, one feels in many places the author struggling with intellectual competence and its not uncommon companion, a certain arrogance or *hauteur* which takes the form of impatience with all those lesser ones who try to make do as best they can in this world, and who even at times get grandiose enough to believe they have a few clues about life's meaning. Never is James condescending; nor does he reveal contempt with an outpouring of pity for those he quotes at such length. Perhaps he turns on "sectarian scientists" because he knows how tempted he himself is to dismiss people casually or even rudely. Perhaps a mixture of professional detachment and philosophical inclination permitted him to suffer gladly those he "really" believed to be fools. Yet, the quality of the book argues against such an interpretation; the lectures come across as serious and heart-felt, and the author at times intrigued, at times perplexed, but never bored or impatient.

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Envious, at times the man is openly and unashamedly envious. He seems to know, and he has the courage to admit, that others after him will discover in their own way what others before him – again, in their own way – have already been impressed with and felt deeply, if not declared outright. Meanwhile he can only look at things in a certain manner and describe them with a vocabulary his particular moment in history permits. That is, he saw himself to be very much susceptible to the prejudices of his time, as does any sensitive man who has no fear of irony and knows the lessons of history; knows, that is, how endlessly repetitive so much we call "new" can turn out to be – repetitive, but also in certain respects different. So, James notes what yogis have done to control the physiological processes of their bodies, remarks upon how strangely and wondrously people can sense things and affect one another, comments upon the richness of the mind's "inner" life, so often appreciated and called upon by saints of old and "mystics" of every age – and rather wistfully writes this:

> Thus the divorce between scientific facts and religious facts may not necessarily be as eternal as it at first sight seems, nor the personalism and romanticism of the world, as they appeared to primitive thinking, be matters so irrevocably outgrown. The final human opinion may, in short, in some manner now impossible to foresee, revert to the more personal style, just as any path of progress may follow a spiral rather than a straight line. If this were so, the rigorously impersonal view of science might one day appear as having been a temporarily useful eccentricity rather than the definitively triumphant position which the sectarian scientist at present so confidently announces it to be.

James would not be surprised that in the summer of 1971 newspaper readers were told that "researchers at the Menninger Foundation are training migraine headache sufferers to relieve their own pains by taking conscious control of the internal processes causing them." He certainly would not be surprised by the strong and passionate interest many of our well-to-do young have in Christ's life, in Yoga, in communal living, in a contemplative life that contrasts sharply with the commercial and industrial ethic that so many of us hardly think to question. His book is, therefore, a strangely contemporary one; but at the same time his manner of looking at things, and most especially at the values and preferences of others, is no more commonly emulated today than one suspects was the case some seventy years ago. He sought the heart's reasons, and like Pascal he knew such a pursuit can never satisfy the mind's uneasy need for certainty. What is more, the serious pursuit of the subjective requires a certain generosity of spirit and open-mindedness, lest the personal and private become shrill and fanatic slogans, pushed self-righteously upon everyone around – all of which, as James well knew, makes for *one* variety of religious experience.

I first read James' book while in college, at the behest of Perry Miller, who as professor of American literature was endlessly fascinated by those high principled, cranky and utterly compelling New England ministers and theologians, even the ones who tried to disguise themselves as essayists and novelists. At the time Mr. Miller had to be a little apologetic; it would have been far easier to suggest Freud's *The Future of an Illusion* or *The God That Failed*—the former a pitiless and severely limited analysis of what drives us to church, the latter a series of confessions by disappointed Communists. (Outside the universities Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* was a bestseller.) This summer, as I was going through *The Varieties of Religious Experience* again, I found I could now understand Perry Miller's need to apologize for assigning and spending so much time on William James' book. Set in the margins beside the clear, forthright, unpretentious prose were my snide, unbelieving remarks, my clever psychological interpretations, my quick dismissal of this or that, my exclamation marks here and there, all of it meant to show how sophisticated we in the 20th century have become. Poor Perry Miller: as recently as the 1950s he had nothing to go on but a sense of history, a keen imagination that made him see in certain eccentric and possessed men of the cloth the stuff of unforgettable tragedy and strange, unsettling comedy. And poor us, his one-time smart and voluble students – unaware that not only the religious-minded have had "illusions," that the Marxist kind of sectarianism was but the latest in a long series, world without end it seems, and that (of all things) "positive thinking" would turn out to be, years later, not unlike in a number of respects the ethic of militant self-assertion and stubborn self-reliance some members of a "counter-culture" advocate. As for William James, he might not mind if a little of our self-pity rubbed off on him, also. It was his peculiar genius to understand that what he, what the rest of us, still happen to call "religious experience" inevitably has to do with our moments of vanity – our wish to persuade ourselves that we have once and for all fathomed the mysteries of the universe, our desire to make our mark during that moment of eternity in which we appear and disappear. No wonder, then, the great psychologist and philospher was worried; he had to face the fact that he had tried to fathom a few mysteries, and had made his mark upon a certain age. One can practically feel him worrying about himself as he writes so brilliantly and convincingly; one can practically hear him reminding himself: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." But he need not have worried; humility and gentleness grace just about every page of *The Varieties of Religious Experience* – an outcome he knew enough (knew enough about himself, and maybe all of us) never to take for granted.

Robert Coles

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CALVIN BEDIENT's *book,* Architects of the Self: George Eliot, D.H. Lawrence and E.M. Forster, *will be published in the spring (U. of California Press). A former editor of* Commentary, MORRIS FREEDMAN's American Drama in Social Context *is scheduled for publication this fall.* JAMES WALT *is on sabbatical from the University of Maryland.*

"FROM JOHN V. LINDSAY'S STATEMENT, *August 11, announcing his rebirth: 'Men without jobs, families without hope, indecent housing, blighted neighborhoods, crowded hospitals, crime, poverty, polarization—these are real. And again and again I have seen them on our streets.' Of course that was under a Republican mayor."*

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Correspondence

Democratic Party Reform

Sirs:

I wish to reluctantly demur from the optimistic tenor of Representative Fraser's communication in the August 21 *New Republic*, in regard to Democratic Party reform.

From my own experience as a member of the Missouri Reform Commission, and from information that I have received from New Democratic Coalition chapters around the country, the commitment of Democratic Party state organizations to party reform is generally nonexistent. While a number of states, including Missouri, have formally met national guideline requirements, the intent to use the new rules to maintain "the old gang" is quite apparent.

It would be most helpful if Representative Fraser, (whom I admire greatly) and other Democratic Party leaders would examine closely the realities of the power relations in state party organizations which make it extremely unlikely in many areas for written reform rules to be translated effectively into democratic delegation selection processes. Emphasis on literal reform, while a step in the right direction, is not enough. Democratic state party procedures must be open every day of every year if we are to realistically expect an open delegate selection process every four years.

Marvin L. Madeson
National Chairman
New Democratic Coalition

Author Replies

Sirs:

I was greatly pleased to see my book, *Tonkin Gulf*, reviewed in your September 18 issue by Carl Marcy. Mr. Marcy without doubt is one of the persons best qualified to comment on the Tonkin Gulf incidents and their significance.

There is an important point, however, that I believe needs clarification. My book does not state that an American conspiracy lay behind the Tonkin incidents, but neither does it reject such an interpretation – as might be inferred from the review. The question of a Tonkin plot came up many times during my interviews of the American sailors and airmen who were involved with the naval action. The circumstantial evidence is plentiful. *Tonkin Gulf* does not presume to reach a verdict; it does discuss the evidence, pro and con, very seriously.

Eugene G. Windchy
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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

and so on, but a) there was a great deal more territory within their limits than within Benjamin's, and b) they rarely pretended to be anything but themselves in different settings. If one is going to go the Brando or Hoffman route of versatility, then one must be . . . versatile. Benjamin's exploding fantasist is no different from anything else he's done, and the tacit undercurrent of near-madness that might have given the part poignance – and comedy – is utterly missing. Just another Benjamin performance in which he's smarter than everyone else. (Is it in his contract?)

The best performance is by Chill Wills, the old Western actor, as the old Western actor. Over this half-baked film he pours a gravy of rich old Hollywood hokum.

Emile de Antonio, who made the pungent *In the Year of the Pig* about Vietnam, has now made a documentary about President Nixon called *Millhouse*. From the deliberate misspelling of the President's middle name in the title right to the end, de Antonio makes no pretense of objectivity. The film misses few chances to show Nixon at his worst. I wouldn't want to suggest that this is a difficult job, still there are lots of methods in the picture that could be used equally against de Antonio's heroes, whoever they may be. The first sequence is in Madame Tussaud's as they fit the waxen head on the Nixon dummy; it could have been Lincoln or Saint Francis. When Nixon is in trouble on his South American good-will tour, we get a snatch of *Chiquita Banana* on the sound track. When he's making TV tapes for his '68 campaign, we get his off-the-record comments and his fluffs in discarded material. What do they prove?

But then if one made an objective film about Nixon and did it with completeness, it would have to include the "Checkers" speech of '52, the calculated scurrility of his previous California campaigns against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas, his farewell to the press after his '62 defeat in California, and the "let's-win-this-one-for-Ike" acceptance speech in '68. Also, between the time I saw *Millhouse* and the writing of this review, I saw the one annual TV show I never miss, the Miss America competition; and after looking at Bert Parks and listening to his sincerity. . . .

Millhouse is a good political cartoon (figuratively). Besides, it brings out several points. It highlights the blatant newness of the "new" Nixon, with wide smile and upstretched arms. (Who decided on the change and coached him?) Second, Mrs. Nixon. Repeatedly, one sees her sitting absolutely rigid as her husband speaks, her face slightly smiling. I couldn't escape the feeling that she looked frightened – of what might happen to her later if she moved an inch or smiled a fraction more or less. That's an unprovable impression, of course; but it reminded me of the impression I used to get from Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey in photographs and newsreels. She always stood close to Dewey (a sort of Nixon forebear) with a forced little smile on her face, and I always imagined he was twisting her arm behind her back.

The most revealing moment in the film for me was a statement by a former California neighbor of the boy Nixon, who tells us that the future President's mother, after a long day's work or early in the morning, used to bake 40 or 50 pies for sale. That kind of grinding hard work around a child tends to produce one of two kinds of reaction: money-hate or money-worship. I mean worship, not necessarily itch for acquisition: veneration of money and of those who have it.

That memory of his mother, slaving that way, is very possibly part of the foundation of Nixon's world-view: money is the best good and anything that stands in the way of your getting it legally is the anti-Christ. Imagine how much more dangerous the present US economic situation must be than he has admitted – or his view of it, anyway. If he is forced to interfere even slightly with a laissez-faire system, how very frightened he must be. His new economic policy, flabby and biased as it is, denies the aspirations and acceptances he learned from his mother's pie-baking.

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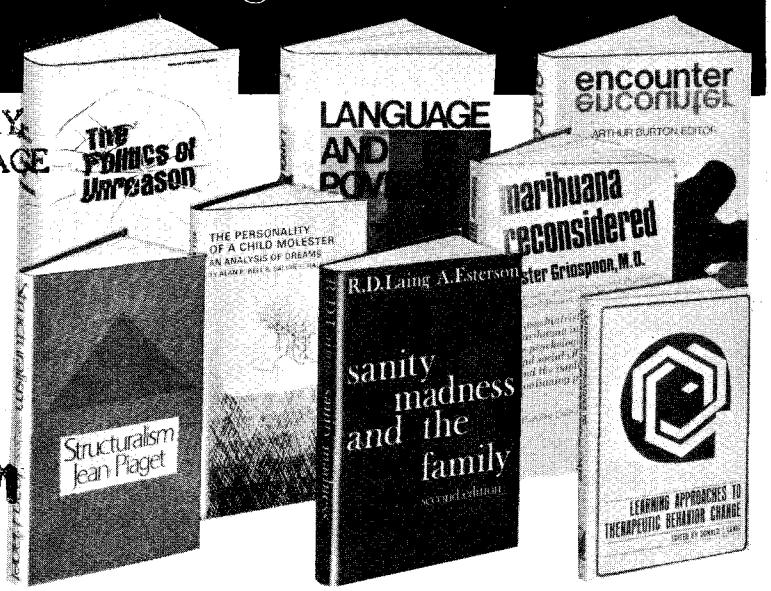

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